HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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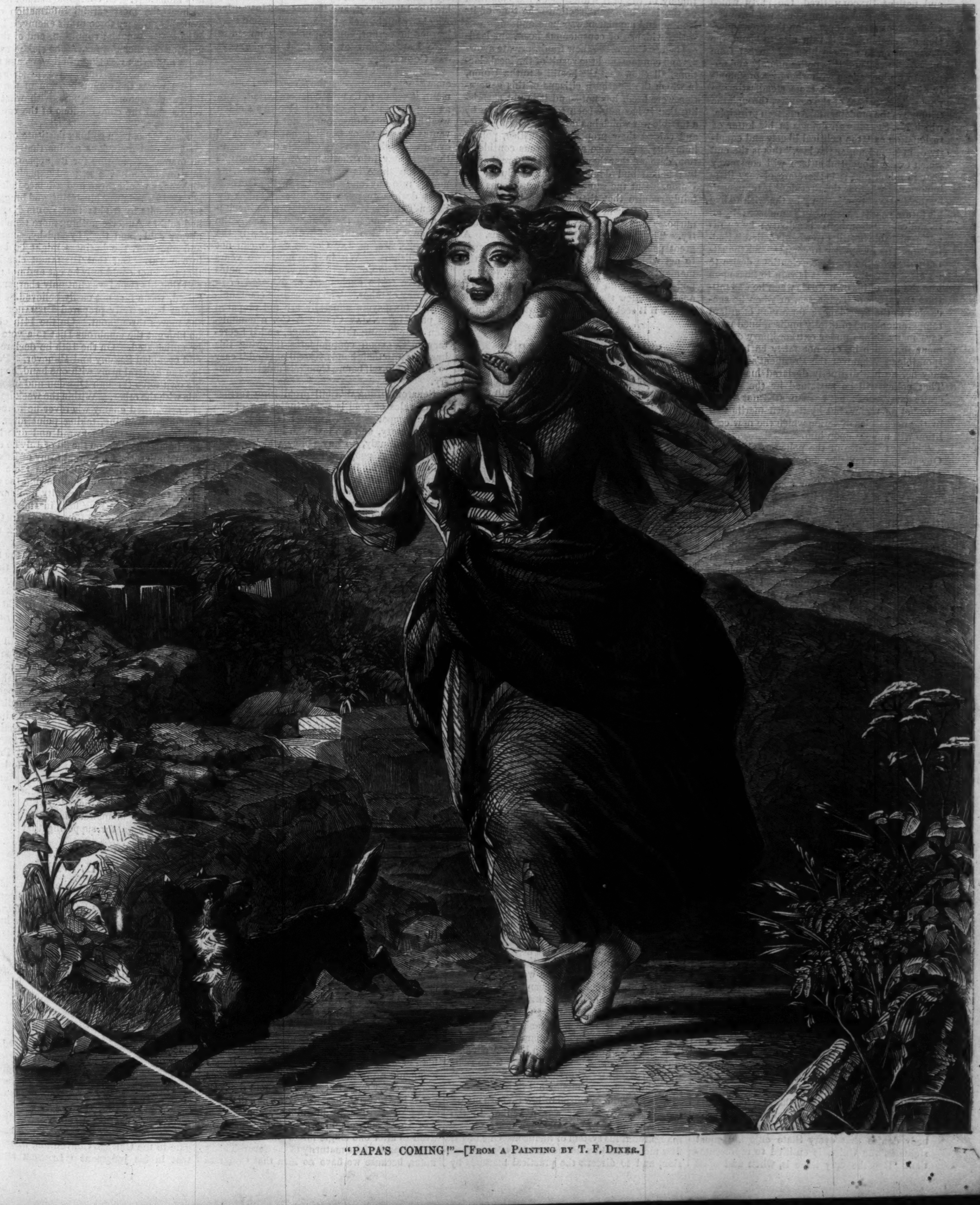


"PAPA'S COMING!"—[From a Painting by T. F, Dixee.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 4, 1866.

THE CASE STATED.

The rupture between the President and Congress is lamentable, but it is decided. As his policy failed to command the approval of the Union party, and it can not be denied that it has, his only alternative was to relinquish it or to await other support. That could come from one quarter only, from the Democratic party. It was not to be expected that the President would relinquish what he deemed the sole constitutional and sagacious policy; and therefore the elected candidate of the Union party of 1864 has no other party support than that of the Democracy.

Regrets and recriminations are equally vain. It is too late to wonder whether, had the wise and patient Lincoln lived, the party which sustained him and the war would not have settled without serious opposition the great question of reunion. It is vain also to blame the President or to asperse him. Men act from mixed motives, and it is both unmanly and unwise to traduce those with whom we profoundly differ, and whom we most steadfastly oppose. The welfare of the country, through the triumph of the fundamental American principle, which Mr. Speed well defines in his letter of resignation as "the political liberty and equality of mankind under the law," this is the end which every thoughtful citizen will constantly bear in mind, and it is therefore of very little importance whether the President is influenced by the desire of re-election; by the wish to live his future years peacefully in Tennessee; by an ineradicable "Southern" proclivity; by an inextinguishable hostility to what is called "Radicalism;" by incapacity to comprehend the situation, or by the most conscientious desire to do his duty faithfully. It is vain to turn upon him the fire of his own words when he was military Governor of Tennessee, or when he succeeded to the Presidency; for a man of ardent temperament and of utterly undisciplined mind says many things under extraordinary excitement for which he can not fairly be held responsible. Whatever the President's motives may be, he has distinctly declared his policy. That policy will be sustained by the Democratic party, and must be estimated not by his personal character, but by its own merits and by the necessities of action which the new coalition will impose upon him.

This is true also of the policy of Congress. Our judgment must be determined not by our opinion of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, or of Mr. Ingersoll, or of any other ardent or unwise declaimer; not by the ill-humor of debates, or by the occasional folly of certain acts. Neither is it of present importance whether Congress has been too slow or too fast in arriving at its conclusions. Congress has been maligned, derided, and denounced as the President has been. It is enough that each has declared its policy of reunion. Upon those policies the country will decide at the autumn elections; and every sensible man will weigh them well.

The exact point, then, is this: The President holds that the States lately in rebellion, having accepted certain conditions which he has imposed without consultation with the representatives of the people, have now the right to be admitted to Congress upon the same terms as the other States. Congress holds that the Legislative and not the Executive department of the Government is the rightful judge of the situation, and that the public safety requires another condition as the necessary complement of those already accepted, and opposes admitting any late insurgent State to an equal share in the Government until it adopts the amendment proportioning representation to voters, and excluding from office at the pleasure of Congress certain conspicuous offenders. The object of this amendment is of vital importance. To state it is to prove it; for it proposes merely that no State which has tried to destroy the Government shall, as a result of its abortive effort, gain increased power in the Government.

There is thus no difference of *principle* between the President and Congress, although there is that difference between him and the Democratic party which denies the right to impose any conditions whatever. But the President has done it. It was the necessity of the case, and he could not help it. Either South Carolina had the right to demand to resume her old share in the Government without accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or revoking her act of secession, or repudiating her rebel debt, or she has no right to demand it until she has satisfied any other condition which the Government may require for the same purpose of security to the Union. The President, indeed, claims that his conditions are the only constitutional terms that can be asked. But that is merely his opinion. Nobody denies that every State enjoying equal rights in the Union is entitled to representation. But the very issue is, when and upon what terms a State which has just failed in a conspiracy to destroy the Union may safely resume its equality of rights within it. The President insists that his terms are a sufficient security. Congress insists that something more is necessary to make them secure. The country will decide between them.

We believe that Congress will be overwhelmingly supported; we do not doubt that the country feels its proposition to be wiser, and knows that the renewed ascendency of the Democratic party would be an incalculable disaster. It is neither extravagant, nor unfriendly, nor dangerous, nor impolitic, to insist that no State engaged in the late rebellion shall resume its national relations until care is taken that it shall not have gained political power by the rebellion. If any such State refuse to accede to a condition so intrinsically just and so unprecedently moderate, can it fairly accuse the loyal Union men of the country of wickedly excluding it from Congress and dangerously delaying reunion? The almost universal testimony of the best witnesses of the condition of the late insurgent section—the tone of its leading and popular newspapers and addresses—the evidence of conspicuous insurgent leaders before Congress—their frank, private avowals and conduct, and the result of the local elections, all show that the hostility to the Union, in which the Southern citizens of this generation were bred, has not—and it is not surprising that it has not—been torn out of them by a terrible war which has devastated their homes and ruined their properties. Justice, policy, humanity, every wise and generous consideration, demand that they be not, therefore, harshly repelled and denied the fellowship of the Union. But the same conclusive reasons certainly require that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union. They and their purposes and policy are not new to the country. They are devoted, wily, audacious. A great party stands ready organized and eager to act with them. They are, indeed, for the moment prostrate, but they are not powerless; and as the Union takes them into its bosom again to renew their life, it is not unkind nor unwise if it seeks to guard against their sting.

THE TREASURY REBUS.

The administration of the Treasury Department under Secretary M'Culloch reminds one of the rebuses which appear in certain ambitious periodicals, with the provoking note—"Solution in our next." It is a perpetual rebus, which keeps us all guessing wildly day and night, until the appearance of the next monthly exhibit from the Department puts us out of our pain by furnishing the solution.

Every body guessed the rebus for May. The blunder of the Department was so enormous that nobody needed to wait for the June statement to learn that thirty millions of gold had been thrown away at 15 @ 20 per cent. below the market, and that somebody had thereby realized a neat little profit of three or four millions.

The July statement has been delayed, but it will probably show that twenty millions of Seven-Thirty notes have been privately exchanged for Five-Twenty bonds. We defy any one to have guessed this rebus. Every thing was kept perfectly quiet. An inquiry for Seven-Thirties, which put them at least 3 per cent. higher than they were ever expected to go, did certainly excite remark. But no one could learn whence the inquiry came, or what it meant. It is now reported that Mr. M'Culloch had made a secret bargain with the New York house of Jay Cooke & Co., by which he agreed to furnish them with new Five-Twenties in exchange for Seven-Thirty notes—on what terms and conditions is only known to the contracting parties; and that, in pursuance of this bargain, some twenty millions of Seven-Thirties were bought, and as many Five-Twenties sold, by the house in question. If Jay Cooke & Co. merely charged the usual commission for transacting the business, they only got $50,000 for a fortnight's work. Rumor, however, credits them with a much fatter bonus on the transaction. Rival houses, jealous of such windfalls, are asking why Jay Cooke & Co. should be selected as the recipients of such favors; and want to know whether they, too, are brothers-in-law of the Secretary? They say that Mr. Van Dyck could have sold his Five-Twenty bonds and bought his Seven-Thirties much more cheaply than Jay Cooke & Co. were willing to do the work. Perfectly competent men could have been hired to do the job at one-tenth of Jay Cooke & Co.'s rates.

This is a matter for Mr. M'Culloch to settle with Congress when he makes up his next annual report. If he has squandered the public money, we presume he can be held personally responsible. He is understood to be rich. As to Jay Cooke & Co., they can not be blamed for making as much money out of Government as the Government officials allow them to make.

Jay Cooke himself was a banker in the smallest kind of way in Ohio when Mr. Chase inaugurated his system of finance. One of the first men to realize the necessities of the occasion, and to discern the practical methods by which money could be raised for the prosecution of the war, was Jay Cooke. He went to Philadelphia, and opened a little bank there. By degrees he won the confidence of the Secretary, became a subscriber for public loans, bought and sold the various classes of securities issued by Government at the beginning of the war, was frequently, by reason of his early information, enabled to operate without risk in bonds and stocks, and in the course of a couple of years won for himself such a position that he obtained the office of agent for the Five-Twenty and then for the Seven-Thirty loan. This made his fortune. How much he realized from it no one knows; probably not less than five—perhaps ten million dollars. Every body connected with him became rich. As for himself, he was enabled to buy islands, to run churches, to support colleges, to live in a style which extinguished even the Astors. And, after all, he deserved his reward. Mr. Fessenden tried to negotiate the second series of Seven-Thirties without him, and failed miserably; Jay Cooke took up the moribund scheme, breathed life into it, and it succeeded instantly. Any body might make the egg stand when they learned how; but, you see, nobody chanced to have learned how at the right time except Jay Cooke.

But now that the war is over, and no further emergency embarrasses the Treasury Department, it seems to be pretty generally felt, even among those who justify Jay Cooke's sudden wealth, that his house ought not to enjoy advantages over other banking houses, or, at all events, that the Treasury officials ought not to throw money into the hands of Jay Cooke & Co. when there is no necessity for throwing money into any one's hands. If the Government desires to exchange Five-Twenties for Seven-Thirties, Mr. Van Dyck can do it, without commission, if the market will justify the exchange; if the market will not justify the exchange, Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. can not accomplish it. Within the next two years some $800,000,000 of these Seven-Thirty notes will have to be exchanged or disposed of in some way or other. The mercantile community and tax payers generally are not prepared to pay Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. a commission on effecting this exchange, and if Secretary M'Culloch contemplates throwing this business into their hands, he will not find it easy to justify himself before Congress and the country.

Senator Sherman's bill prohibiting further secret sales of gold is a fair indication of the public temper. Mr. Sherman is a friend of the Secretary, and the last man in Congress to object, willingly, to any policy which affords well-informed people a fair chance of making a little money. But the public disgust at the blunder of May last was too unmistakable to be disregarded. People are tired of secret negotiations, which are always suggestive of fraud. They want the operations of the Treasury Department to be as open and as public as those of the Quarter-master's Department, or the Navy Supply agency.

Nothing is ever gained, in the long-run, by secrecy, in the conduct of large negotiations. The idea that the Government could not sell its gold or its bonds if it were generally known to be a seller, is a fallacy which experience contradicts and nothing sustains but the private opinion of the brokers whose commissions depend on the continuance of secret sales. Suppose Mr. Van Dyck had, on 22d May, advertised $30,000,000 of gold for sale to the highest bidder. Is it not clear he would have got nearer 140 than 130 for it? Certain Treasury officials, in a recently published correspondence, expressed the opinion that if the purposes of Government were known Wall Street would combine to defeat them. This childish nonsense deceives no one. Every adult of sound intellect can see that Government requires to convert $800,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes within two years. From this time out every banker will watch the Seven-Thirty market, and any secret operations which the Government may attempt through Jay Cooke & Co. or any one else, will be detected at once, and telegraphed throughout the country before sundown, just as the Government sales of gold were detected and telegraphed. It is such secret operations as these which beget hostile combinations. Let Mr. M'Culloch openly advertise that he will give Five-Twenty Bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, on such conditions as he may deem fair and the market may justify—not through this or that pet banking house, but at his own office; and he may rely upon it he need fear no hostile combinations. If the market be in a favorable condition he will succeed in effecting the exchange without paying any share; if it be not in a favorable condition he will fare no worse than he would have fared had he placed himself in the hands of one of his pet bankers. If the Five-Twenty Bonds command a premium when the Seven-Thirties mature every one will convert, without the least effort by Government, if they are at a discount every one will want his money, and all the Jay Cooke arguments in the world will not avail to alter one single mind.

We speak of the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes, because we have no idea that Congress will adopt or the Supreme Court justify the repudiating scheme of Senator John Sherman, by which holders of Seven-Thirties would be compelled to elect four months before the maturity of their notes whether they proposed to demand money or bonds. Whatever straits may await the Treasury Department, we are not yet prepared to believe that the Government is going to cheat its creditors, either in the rate of interest on its obligations, or the period of time which its options have to run.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The result of the first campaign in the European war is prodigious, but, upon reflection, not surprising. It has been evident for many months that Bismarck meant to fight. He had privately consulted Louis Napoleon in Paris, and had come to an understanding with Victor Emanuel. His object was the overthrow of the imperial power of Austria, and his means were all the resources of an opulent military monarchy. Of course he had not resolved without the most careful information of the available military force of his enemy, a knowledge of his financial condition, and of the disposition of other Powers. The stake was enormous: the risk was that of all wars, and therefore incalculable. But the event shows how masterly was the comprehension of the situation and circumstances, and with what marvelous skill the combinations of the campaign were drawn.

Europe has been so long destitute of a truly efficient and audacious genius that there was no mental preparation for its appearance. It was undoubtedly the general expectation that diplomacy would shrug and grimace indefinitely; that Prussia was blustering and bragging to force results by fright; that Louis Napoleon had said at Auxerre nothing more than he had always said; and that, by-and-by, somewhere and somehow, the business might be bungled into a war. But that Bismarck clearly saw that the knot could only be cut and not untied, and that his sword was not only sharpened but raised, was a fact not easily believed.

But being fully prepared Bismarck forced the moves throughout. On the 14th of June he brought the cumbrous Diet to a vote which he anticipated. On the 18th he declared war, and occupied Saxony and Hanover. Paralyzing the Federal army with one hand, he pushed his own force through Dresden and into Bohemia with the other. Within the week he struck the astonished enemy wherever he found him. Steadily advancing, taking point after point, driving the enemy backward and drawing his two hands together, on the 3d of July he clasped them and crushed the great army of Benedek, extinguishing in a moment the fame of the chief Austrian General, and causing the empire itself to quiver to its extremity and surrender the prey it had so long held in Italy. It was on the battle-ground of Frederick the Great, but Frederick himself never struck so tremendous a blow for Prussia.

The result of this first campaign is the tearing of the treaties of 1815. It abolishes the German Confederation. It restores Italy to the Italians. Does it also abolish the Austrian empire? That a campaign of a fortnight should achieve such results and provoke such a question is almost incredible. In the presence of such facts it is idle to speculate. Will France go to the Rhine, and Germany become a vast confederated empire? Can Russia permit it, or will Great Britain wish it? Will the great victory of Sadowa, revealing to the people of the various German States the immediate possibility of a Germany in fact as well as in name, inspire them with the resistless conviction that it is a war for national deliverance? Or will the hatred between Austrians and Prussians prove to be so intense and vital as to lead to a prolonged and exterminating struggle, to be settled only by external interference?

These and other questions are inevitable, but they are unanswerable. We can see no present reason for supposing that the war is over.

CIVIL WAR.

The Danville *Times*, the Richmond *Whig*, the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Charleston *News*, the Macon *Telegraph*, the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, and we know not how many other Democratic newspapers in the late disaffected section, have been suggesting for some months that the President should call together the Representatives elected from that part of the country, who would be joined by "Conservatives" from the North, recognize them as the House, and defend himself by force of arms. The Democratic Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, suggested the same thing. The Democratic Chicago *Times* urged him to clear out Congress by military force. A Democratic Representative elected in Virginia, Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, in an address before a college some weeks since, informed his audience that "we were on the eve of another bloody revolution." Mr. S. S. Cox, formerly a Democratic Representative from Ohio, then a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where he said that in his judgment "Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together," and now an eminent "Conservative" of Tammany Hall, announced upon the 4th of July that unless moderate and judicious statesmanship should intervene, by which he meant unless Representatives from the late rebel States were promptly admitted, there will be civil war more terrible and atrocious than that just ended. The Democratic New York *World*, two or three weeks ago, declared that if the votes of the late rebel States for President in 1868 should be refused by the Congress of the United States, when, if admitted, they would elect the Democratic candidate, "his right would be asserted by arms."

And when, after this plain declaration from all parts of the Democratic party, that in a certain contingency they meant to begin a worse war than that which they have just waged against the Government, Mr. BOUTWELL said a few days since that the loyal country ought to be warned and prepare for the emergency, Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND announces that the Radicals are plotting civil war; and the New York *World* piously thanks the gentleman, whom it had said a day or two before had lost all consideration and influence whatever, for the startling information, and begs the President to "stop these revolutionists in their hellish work!"

Is it this declared warlike intention of the Democratic party or the resistance to it which Mr. RAYMOND disapproves? If the open declaration of the *World* and other Democratic authorities that, in a certain contingency, force should be invoked did not alarm him, why is he so appalled by the assertion that such force ought to be resisted?

As for the *World*, it holds that the late rebel States have never lost any rights in the Union. They had then the same right to vote for President in 1864 that they have until Congress recognizes that right now. And if the Southern Democrats had stopped fighting loyal men long enough to vote for their most friendly foe, M'CLELLAN, are we to understand that, if enough Democratic votes could have been added in the North to elect him, his right would have been asserted by arms?

The only civil war which this country has ever known was waged against the Government by the Southern wing of the Democratic party, supported, as Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND informed us in a recent speech, by the Northern wing. To save slavery the Democracy plunged the country into war. To save the spirit of slavery they would sink it into Mexican anarchy. They threaten that if they can not have their way in the coming elections there will be war. But they threaten a people who have not shown themselves afraid either of war or the rumor of war—a people who for the last ten years have seen the Democratic party in every light of infamy; who have placed their heel upon its copper head, and will keep it there until the last feeble hiss escapes.

A VERMONT SENATOR.

VERMONT has many sons who would serve her well in the United States Senate; but there is one honorably known to the whole country for varied public service; for remarkable and universal scholarship; for the utmost modesty and purity of life and character; for peculiar familiarity with our political history, and for the soundest and most truly American political principles. He would bring to the Senate knowledge, experience, conviction, and character worthy and representative of the true liberal conservatism of his State; and his presence there at this time, and for the impending questions, would be hailed with sincere pleasure by the most liberal citizens of every State. We speak, of course, of the Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH, now minister to Italy.

INFLUENCE OF MENTAL EXERCISE ON HEALTH.

IT is a common idea that it is no matter how little the mind is exercised so far as health is concerned, and many go so far as to think that the nearer a man comes to being a boor in intellect the better is his chance on the whole for long life. For it is supposed that mental culture is always at the expense of the physical, and that there must be in education a sacrifice more or less of the development of the lower nature for the benefit of the higher. That there is such a sacrifice very commonly in education we admit, but we do not admit the necessity of it. On the contrary, we contend that education, that is, mental exercise, may and should be so managed, even in the case of the hard student, as to contribute to physical development—that better health, or, in other words, a better condition of the system, may be obtained with an active and cultivated mind than with a boorish one.

Let us be understood on this point. We do not say that the more active the mind is the better will be the physical condition. But we do say, as we said in relation to muscular exercise in a previous article, that a certain amount of mental exercise is necessary to the best condition of the system, that is, to its highest and most confirmed health, and then, beyond this, the exercise can be extended in the case of the student, as with muscular exercise in the case of the laborer, to an amount which will not be inconsistent with the best condition of the system.

This is the natural and rational view of the matter. The Creator could never have designed that the soul, which he has so intimately connected with the body, should, in its legitimate activities, do damage to that body. On the other hand, it is in consonance with what we ordinarily see of the works of the Deity that mind and body should be of mutual benefit. Indeed we have abundant evidence that they do exert genial influences upon each other.

This is true in regard to the influence of the mind upon the body, not only of what directly concerns sentiment and feeling, but also of what may be called purely intellectual operations; for there is a satisfaction in intellectual acquisition, and this will, like the more positive emotions, exert an influence upon the body. And if the knowledge acquired be connected directly with the labor which is performed, it will strip that of its character of drudgery, and therefore substitute an enlivening in place of a depressing influence. Even that knowledge which has not this connection will lighten labor, by the food which it supplies for thought, and also by the consciousness of elevation of mind which it gives.

Suppose here are a hundred farmers who have but little mental cultivation, and who therefore have not an iota of scientific knowledge of their business. The only satisfaction which they can have in their labor comes from its results and the anticipation of them, and the labor, therefore, must be for the most part mere drudgery. Suppose another hundred, who work in the same way that the first do, but who, from the education which they have had, understand to some good extent natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and vegetable physiology. They are interested in something else besides results—the processes by which these are reached and the influence of fertilizers upon them are subjects of constant interest as they watch the progress of the vegetation under their care. Their employment furnishes them with continual food for thought; and their labor, thus dignified and rendered interesting, is not wearisome, monotonous drudgery, as it is when performed with little thought beyond that which is absolutely necessary to its performance.

This latter company of farmers would on an average live longer lives and have better health than the first company, simply because their labor would be performed under more genial and sustaining influences. Indeed, they would do a greater amount of labor than the uncultivated and unthinking; for there is less wear and tear of the system when it works cheerily than when it performs an unwelcome task.

Suppose farther, that the wife and daughters of an intelligent farmer understand all the chemistry concerned in the dairy, the composition of milk, its character as nutriment—capable of supplying material for all the different organs of the body, and, besides this, the phenomena of vegetation, and other allied subjects, in common with the farmer himself, how would their labor be lightened, and how would the consciousness of intellectual pleasure produce a genial influence which could not fail of promoting health! And in the rest of evening, after the labors of the day are over, how would the intelligent conversation of such a family add to the benefit of that rest by giving it the character of an agreeable diversion!

What we have said of farming is true also of the mechanic arts. If the mechanic understand the principles that lie at the basis of his art he has an interest in his work which the mere drudge has not. His work is not simply skillful manipulation—the mind does not merely think enough to guide the hand, but is busy with thought either on the principles involved in the work, or on some other subject, and this agreeable occupation of the mind lightens the toil. Then too, if mechanics generally were properly educated, and their families also, how much would the consequent intelligent conversation of the family and the social circle add to the enjoyment of life, and therefore benefit their physical as well as mental and moral condition!

The education which we have supposed is far from being an impossibility. It is within the range of our common schools. If the time which is now absolutely lost in loading the memory with words and forms of expression and processes, that are not understood, were spent in teaching about the common things with which the pupil will have to do most in after-life, such as air, water, light, heat, mechanics, chemical changes, vegetation, etc., just such mechanics and farmers as we have spoken of would abound in the community, and this change in education would, we have not a doubt, add to the health of these classes and to their average length of life.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE beautiful poem by WHITTIER which we copied last week to accompany the portrait of BARBARA FRIETCHIE was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and should have been credited to that periodical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 18:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman called up the bill to fund the public debt. The first and second sections, giving the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue five per cent. bonds were stricken out.—The death of Senator Lane was announced.

In the House, the contested election case of Koontz and Coffroth, from the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, was called up and decided in favor of the former.—The revised Tariff bill was considered and passed under the operation of the previous question by a large majority—yeas 88, nays 34. The 25th of July was fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

July 19:

In the Senate, a bill directing the President to place $50,000 at the disposal of the Governor of Maine, for the relief of the sufferers by the late terrible fire at Portland, was passed, 22 to 18.—The bill for the funding of the public debt was passed.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution to recognize the State Government of Tennessee, and announced that the Legislature of that State had just ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland in Oregon was passed.—Mr. Shellabarger called up the report of the Select Committee on the charges made by Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in his place, against Provost Marshal General Fry and his Bureau. The report wholly exonerates Mr. Conkling, and severely condemns Mr. Fry. It was adopted with only four dissenting votes.

July 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the report of the Conference Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, which was agreed to, after considerable debate on the provision that no compensation be given for the ensuing year to the United States Minister at Lisbon, Portugal.

In the House, the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee was adopted, 125 to 12. The following members voted nay—Alley, Benjamin, Boutwell, Eliot, Higby, Jenckes, Julian, Kelley, Loan, M'Clurg, Paine, Williams.

July 21:

In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary reported back the House joint resolution declaring Tennessee entitled to representation in Congress with an amendment in the form of a substitute which briefly alluded to the several steps taken by that State toward reconstruction, and which had paved the way for its restoration. Mr. Sherman objected to the substitute, saying it would probably be vetoed by the President. Mr. Trumbull supported the substitute. After debate the substituted preamble was rejected, but a change was made in the body of the resolution which will send it back to the House. The vote was 28 to 4, Messrs. Sumner, Brown, Buckalew, and M'Dougall voting against it.

In the House, the Rousseau case being under discussion, that gentleman made a protest against the spirit which he said had been manifested toward him in debate. He attempted to justify his conduct toward Mr. Grinnell, and said that he had sent to the Governor of Kentucky his resignation as a member of the House. He was then called before the bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker.—A resolution that when the House adjourn it be to the 2d of October, and then, if not otherwise ordered, to adjourn to the 1st of December, was adopted.

July 23:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill being taken up, the amendment directing the Secretary of War to pay out of the commutation draft fund, for every slave belonging to loyal men enlisted, not to exceed $300 each, was adopted. An amendment increasing the pay of clerks in the State Department twenty per cent. was adopted. An amendment abolishing the mission to Greece was adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Cholera has broken out on the steamer *San Salvador*, which arrived at Savannah on the 18th of July with 500 recruits for the Seventh Regulars. There were 28 cases among them and 3 deaths during the voyage. One death occurred after arriving at Tybee bar, and one or two after the troops had landed at Tybee Island. There was no sickness among the cabin passengers, but the steamer was ordered to remain in quarantine 15 days.

Some emigrants from Texas reached St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 16th, and report considerable disorder in society there, because of the increasing predominance of the rebel element. Loyal citizens find it difficult to live in peace.

In the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature the Constitutional Amendment was ratified, July 19, by a vote of 43 to 18. Governor Brownlow sent the following telegraphic dispatch to Washington:

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Thursday, July* 19—12 M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

My compliments to the President. We have carried the Constitutional Amendment in the House. Vote 43 to 18, two of his tools refusing to vote.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Senator Lane having died, and Senator Pomeroy's term expiring with the present session, the next Kansas Legislature must elect two Senators to fill their places.

A dispatch received from the Governor of Kansas announces that Major E. G. Ross, editor of the Lawrence *Tribune*, has been elected United States Senator for that State, in the place of the late James H. Lane.

The *Commonwealth* newspaper announces that George Peabody intends to bestow $50,000 each upon Harvard, Amherst, and Williams Colleges of Massachusetts, and the sum of $1,000,000 upon Boston for homes for the poor.

The death record last week ran up to 1128, as noted in the Burial Permit Book in the office of the Registrar of Vital Statistics.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

THE London *Times* special correspondent gives a graphic account of the great battle of Sadowa as seen from the tower of Königgrätz. The Prussians evidently risked more than the Austrians, for they incurred the chance of being annihilated if they failed, as they never could succeed in withdrawing their army in the face of the enemy through the mountain passes and defiles by which they had entered Bohemia. Benedek, on the other hand, had a safe retreat open behind him when the worst came, and, thanks to his splendid cavalry, was able to avail himself of it. Dr. Russell's narrative is sufficient to show that the density of the smoke did not obscure the whole field of action in such a way as to account for the Prussians turning the Austrian flank without being seen. Between 11.30 and 12 o'clock the Austrians were, to all intents, successful on the centre and on its flanks, although the fury of the cannonade and the incessant rattle of musketry all along the front from the front of Nechanitz to the plateau beyond Klum attested the severity of the struggle and the obstinate resistance of the Prussians. At one o'clock the Prussians, however, recovered some of the ground on the right. Then as the Austrian left and centre gained ground the right yielded, and column after column of Prussians came upon the ridge firing as they advanced, while their guns on the flanks swept the slowly retreating but not disorderly Austrians with shrapnel and shell.

"It was now near two o'clock. On the left and centre there could be no hesitation in declaring that the Prussians were all but beaten. It seemed as if a charge *en masse* of the horse deployed for miles on the plateau could roll up their centre on their left, or crumble the left into pieces. The Prussians in the centre made another grand effort. The movements of the Austrians from the right centre to oppose the last effort of the Prussians increased the open interval between the centre and the extreme right retiring on the lower ground near the river, but the Austrians did not perceive it, or if they did could not prevent the advance of the enemy along the plateau by the big tree toward Klum. The Austrian right and reserves become more unsteady, but their artillery contests every foot of ground. Suddenly a spattering of musketry breaks out of the trees and houses of Klum right down on the Austrian gunners and on the columns of infantry drawn up on the slopes below. The gunners fall on all sides—their horses are disabled—the fire increases in intensity—the Prussians on the ridge press on over the plateau: this is an awful catastrophe—two columns of Austrians are led against the village, but they can not stand the fire, and after three attempts to carry it retreat, leaving the hillside covered with the fallen. It is a terrible moment! The Prussians see their advantage; they here get into the very centre of the position. In vain the staff-officers fly to the reserves and hasten to get back some of the artillery from the front. The dark-blue regiments multiply on all sides, and from their edges roll perpetually sparkling musketry. Their guns hurry up, and from the slope take both the Austrians on the extreme right and the reserves in flank. They spread away to the woods near the Prague road and fire into the rear of the Austrian gunners. Thus a wedge growing broader and driven in more deeply every instant was forced into the very body of the Austrian army, separating it at the heart and dividing its left and centre from the right. The troops in the centre and left are dismayed at hearing the enemy's guns in their rear, and are soon exposed to the fire which most of all destroys the *morale* of soldiers already shaken by surprise. The right, previously broken up and discomfited, hurry toward the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the centre and left. The regular lines of the columns below are gradually bulging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitude. Officers gallop about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in heaps every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the centre, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them and encourage their artillery to fresh efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevents any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right, whom long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have somewhat enervated."

Even then Dr. Russell (and in this opinion the military correspondent of the *Times* concurs) thinks that a dashing charge of Austrian cavalry might have turned the fortune of the day; but the cavalry were not called on for this service, and were used merely to prevent the retreat from becoming a rout. A combination of recklessness and slowness on the part of the Austrians, too much reliance on the weakness of the Prussian left, neglect to protect Klum, and the disadvantage of generals having to carry out orders of which they did not understand the scope and import, Benedek having confided his plans only to the chief of his staff, seem to have been among the sources of Austrian weakness. It appears also that they really were outnumbered by the Prussians, and the rapid advance of the Silesian army to the support of the Prussian army of the Elbe was the decisive stroke of the day.

It appears from Dr. Russell's account that the needle-gun was of very little avail in the battle, the country not being favorable to its use. About 250,000 troops were engaged on the Prussian side, and the Austrians are supposed to have had almost an equal number. It is estimated that nearly 1500 guns were in action, of which 750 were Prussian. The Prussians say that eight of the enemy fell for every man they lost; but each side must have suffered terribly. The woods offered shelter to the Austrians, and saved them, in some degree, from the needle-gun, while at the same time the Austrian artillery told very severely on the Prussians. The Thirty-seventh Prussian Regiment went into the wood above Sadowa nearly 3000 strong, with ninety officers, and came out on the further side with only two officers and between 300 and 400 men standing; all the rest were killed or wounded.

It still remains doubtful whether Napoleon's mediation will be successful in preventing the continuance of the war. In spite of Napoleon's intimation that Venetia, being now French territory, could no longer be used by the Italians as a base of operations against Austria, Cialdini crossed the Po July 8, and the entire Italian army is pushing forward against the Austrian positions. Austria has evacuated Venetia, but still retains her garrisons in the fortresses.

A Florence telegram of July 10, evening, says: "In consequence of the passage of the Po, and the successive movements made by General Cialdini's army, the Austrians abandoned Rovigo last night. They previously blew up all the works and fortifications defending the town, and the Tete de Pont on the Adige, and also burned the bridges. The next morning the Austrians made a reconnoissance in strong force, with artillery, in the direction of Lendone. They were driven back with the bayonets by the Garibaldians as far as the La Azzo, which place was occupied by the volunteers. Garibaldi was present, but had to remain in a carriage in consequence of his wound. Garibaldi had been wounded in an attack on Monte Suello, July 3. The chief doctor of the volunteer staff reports that it is "a perforating wound by a small ball at the upper extremity of the left thigh." The distance between the points at which the ball entered and passed out is about four inches.

The negotiations for an armistice have not arrested the advance of the Prussians into Austria. The army of the Crown Prince, which forms the *tête-d'armée* of the invading force, is, according to the Prussian telegrams, already far beyond Pardubitz, and within a short distance of Vienna.

The *Times* gives the following as the conditions attached by the Italian Government to the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon:

First, If Venetia is ceded to the Emperor Napoleon the final transfer must be made by Austria, hampered by no conditions with regard to Rome.

Second, That the question of the District of Trent should be recognized as one to be discussed.

The Prussian conditions contained in the letter of Prince Reuss are stated to be as follows:

The exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

The exclusive command of the military and naval forces of the Confederation by Prussia.

The diplomatic representation of Germany abroad, and the annexation to Prussia of the Duchies and part of the territory already occupied.

The following are the basis of the negotiations suggested by France, and communicated to Count von Goltz and Prince Metternich, by whom they have been transmitted to Berlin and Vienna:

The Germanic Confederation to be dissolved and another confederation to be established, of which neither Prussia nor Austria should form a part.

No territorial cession to be demanded of Austria.

The abandonment by the latter of her rights on the Duchies, and to replace the war indemnity at first demanded by Prussia.

Prussia to incorporate Schleswig-Holstein, Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and Brunswick. The population of the Prussian Kingdom would thereby be raised to 25,000,000—the Rhine to constitute the western frontier of Prussia, and the Province between the Rhine and Meuse to serve as an indemnity to the sovereigns dispossessed by the war.

An exchange of territory to take place between Baden and Bavaria, which would give the former nearly the whole of the Rhenish Palatinate; Saxony, Hanover, and the Duchies of Saxe, to conclude military conventions with Prussia. The inhabitants of Landau to choose whether they shall belong to France or Baden, and population of the Valley of the Sarre to choose between France and the new Rhenish sovereigns.

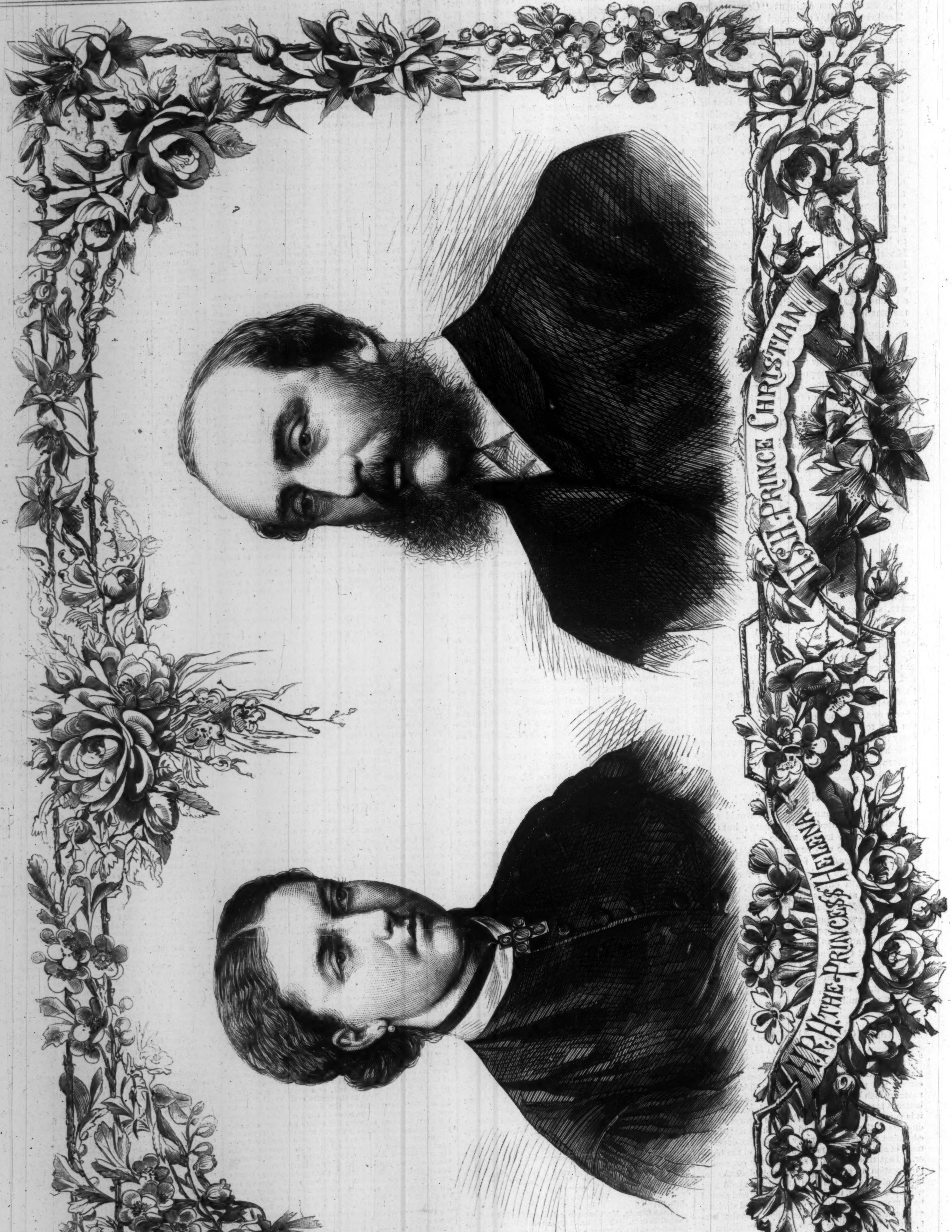
The Florence journals of the 10th assert that Prussia had declined the proposed armistice.

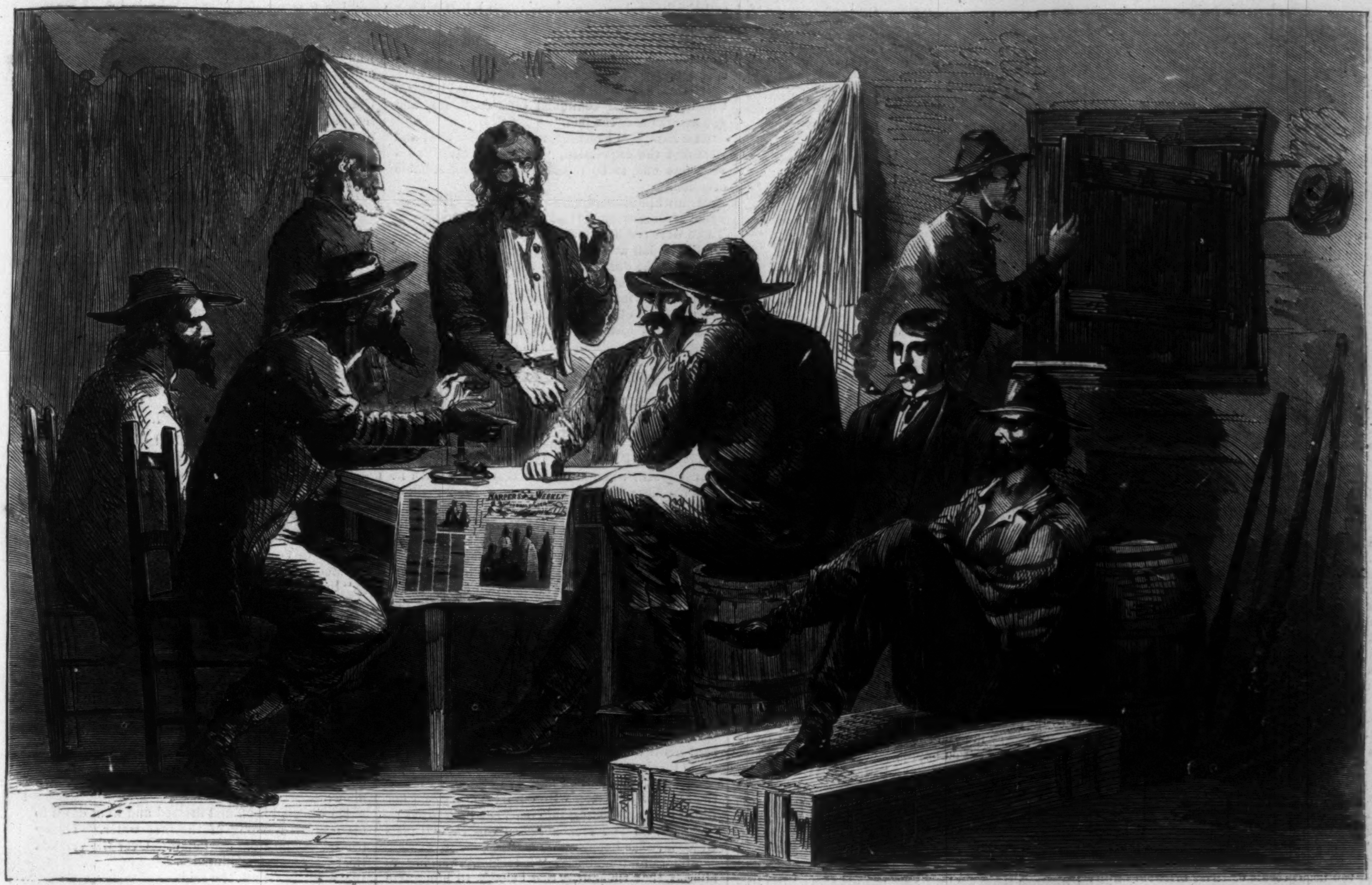
The same journals announce that the Prussian Government has officially declared to the Italian Cabinet that Italy can not accept an armistice which, being based upon the cession of Venetia, would be tantamount to a separately concluded peace, and would disengage to the detriment of Prussia and to the advantage of Austria the 150,000 men stationed in Venetia.

It seems that the Austrians are not so morally prostrate after the battle of Sadowa as was expected. We hear from Vienna that they still hope to conquer the Prussians if the negotiations for an armistice should fail, and that the Government is quite determined not to make any humiliating concessions. The Emperor has declared that "he must be driven back as far as Belgrade before he will consent to make peace with the Prussians so long as they remain on Austrian soil," and this feeling is shared by a very large and influential section of the population in the provinces of Austria and Bohemia. Nor is the confidence of the Austrians quite ungrounded, for they have still a very formidable force at their disposal. The army of the North, diminished as it is, still consists of 150,000 men, including some splendid cavalry regiments which have not suffered at all. Then there are the troops now employed on garrison duty, which number 50,000 men, and the reserves, constituting 100,000 more. From Italy the following force will become available now that Venetia has been given up: 40,000 men and 300 guns from Verona, 25,000 men and 150 guns from Mantua, 20,000 men and 50 guns from Legnago, 10,000 men and 50 guns from Peschiera, 12,000 men and 100 guns from Venice, and 60,000 men and some hundreds of guns from the various small fortresses and intrenched camps in different parts of the country. Thus Austria has still at least 400,000 troops, well equipped, provided with strong reserves, and with an artillery twice as strong as is necessary for an army of that size.

General Benedek has been superseded in the chief command by the Archduke Albert.

The *Official Gazette* of Florence reports the losses at the battle of Custozza on the 24th ultimo: Officers, 69 killed, 203 wounded, 33 prisoners, 20 missing. Total loss in men, 651 killed, 2909 wounded, and 4252 prisoners and missing.


H.R.H. THE PRINCESS HELENA.
H.S.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN.



SECRET MEETING OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.—[Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.]

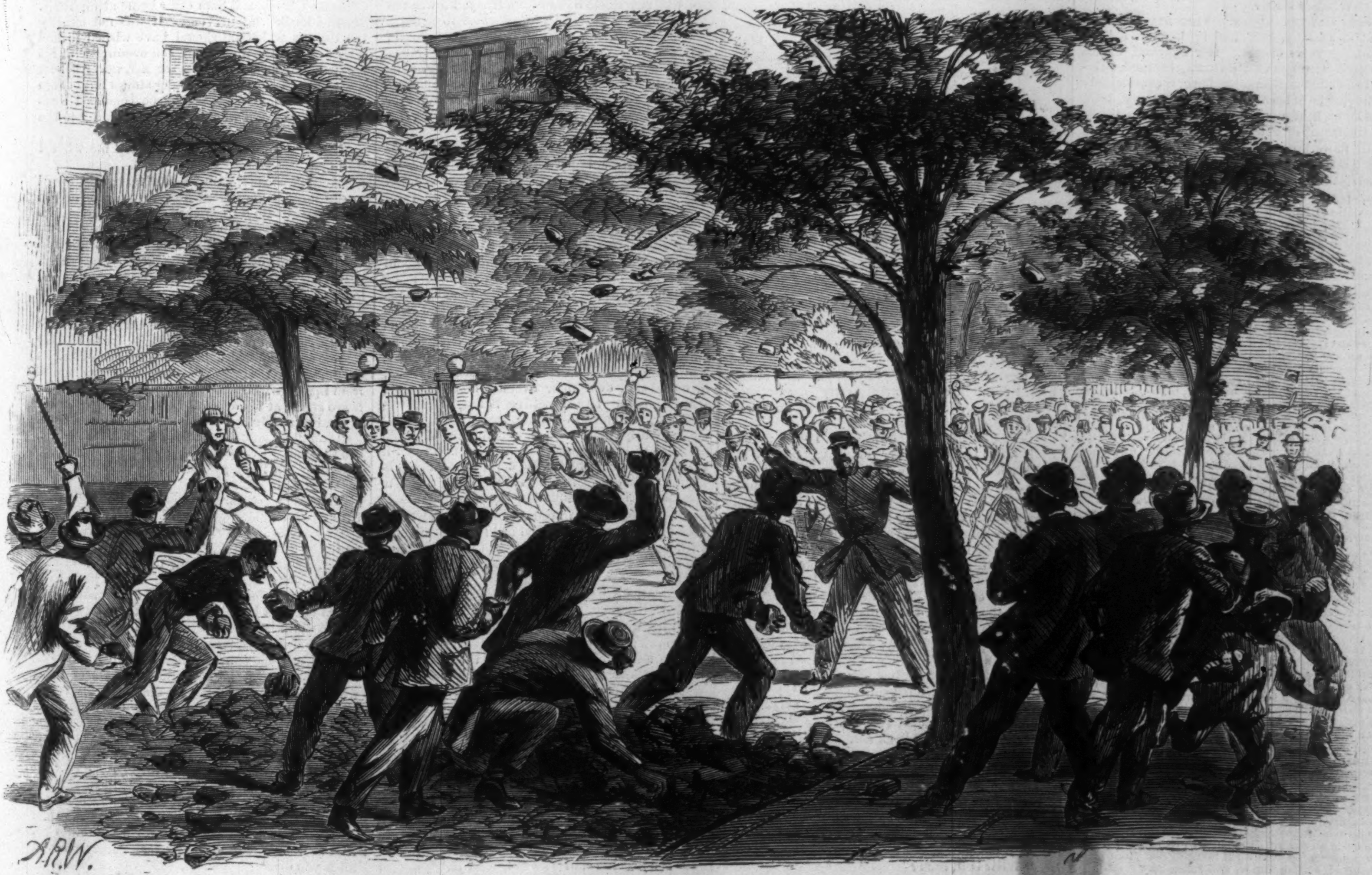
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MEETING OF UNION MEN.

The Union men of Louisiana say: "The Government has deserted us; Wells, our Governor, has crushed us, and General Canby has helped him to do it. When the armies of the United States occupied our State we were encouraged to come forward and proclaim ourselves; needful elections were held, and the general result good and faithful civil officers.

"The people found themselves free to vote as they pleased; a privilege seldom exercised in this section; and we rejoiced in the absence of the fearful power of the rebellion, par excellence the poor man's enemy. Now the progress of reconciliation has returned the power to the hands of the old dominant slave-owning class, the same that has always kept the poor white man ignorant and useless. And now they vote as Major this or Colonel t'other tells them to. As for the Union men they are proscribed, outlawed; if the Confederacy had succeeded, Jefferson Davis could not have done worse for them. And in thus sacrificing the interests of Union men the Government has not attracted an atom of devotion or loyalty from those who were lately rebels. Conciliation here means neither the improvement of the black nor white race, but simply the placing means of mischief in the hands of the old domineering class which produced the rebellion, and is now only abiding the time when it may once more have the power to do the country an injury."

It was with astonishment that I found how complete is the re-establishment of the old "Reign of Terror" for Southern Union men, the wistful glance at strangers, the constraint upon their speech—for none dare to speak out who wish to live in the South—with the exception of those who live in large cities, where numbers make men bold. These, and an air of depression and suffering, are the present characteristics of the "native Unionists." In some places, where they are few in number, employment is kept from them, and covert insult—sometimes more—is heaped upon them. Being invited to attend a meeting of them—for obvious reasons I need not state the precise spot—I entered a little house, where the accommodations were very limited, and a look-out was kept in case any chiv-



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT"—CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 24, 1866.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

alric folks might be in the neighborhood to repeat the little trick of letting off their pistols through the thin boards of the house, and then running away in the dark; the accidental discharge of fire-arms at night being a thing no one can count on—not if he is a Union man, certainly.

The sketch gives but a faint idea of the air of secrecy and distrust with which these good fellows met. As for the business which brought them together, it was simply benevolent and self-protective; but, being Union men, they could not meet openly without increasing the hatred against them, and becoming objects for further persecution.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

In nearly all the cities of the South such scenes as this are of occasional occurrence, only failing to assume the proportions of the Memphis slaughter by the action of the military authorities.

This affair commenced on the afternoon of Sunday, upon the battery at Charleston, where large numbers of both whites and blacks were promenading. Some colored men and boys, on the top of a mound, being boisterous, were ordered away by the police. A one-armed man among them was abusive, he was arrested, and, for showing resistance, beaten till he was covered with blood. This led to excited remarks from the populace, and in a short time to the throwing of brickbats; the favorite weapon in these little skirmishes. The Provost Marshal—Captain Fields—threw himself between the combatants, and begging them to desist, called upon them not to disgrace Charleston by making it the scene of a Memphis riot. The whites professed to heed him till he turned to address the retreating negroes, when they again commenced to throw brickbats. "Take care, you will hit the Captain!" said one. "That's the man *I* want to hit," answered another. "Kill the Yankee son of a b—h." The police arriving on the double quick came right upon the leaders of the white mob in the act of throwing, but made no effort to arrest *one*; pushing through them they endeavored to reach the negroes, and some were arrested. Now in Charleston and its vicinity there are some very bad characters among the blacks. A number of these turbulent fellows were in the crowd, but it is equally true that the whites were quite as bad, and very desirous of battle with the "inferior race." As it was, one of the white men died of his injuries. And the Charleston papers insinuated that the matter was aggravated by the action of the Provost Marshal. I, who was a spectator, know better; with much risk to himself, he succeeded in stopping the emeute till the police came up, and the resort to fire-arms, the usual result of these brickbat fights, was prevented.

As stated before this is not an isolated occurrence, but a characteristic incident; and it requires but little reflection to consider in what condition the South would be if the military influence should be too speedily withdrawn.

A. R. W.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESS HELENA.

We give on page 484 portraits of her Royal Highness the Princess Helena, third daughter of Queen Victoria, and of Prince Christian of Augustenburg. These two royal personages were united in marriage on the 5th of July, instant, in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle.

Princess Helena Augusta Victoria was born on the 25th of May, 1846, and is therefore a little over twenty years of age. Her husband, Prince Frederick Christian Charles, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, is considerably older, having been born on the 22d of January, 1831. He holds, or held until lately, a captaincy in the Third Regiment of Prussian Uhlans of the Guard. He will now, however, probably retire from the Prussian service, if he has not already done so, as it is understood that the Princess and her husband are to reside permanently in England. The Prince has had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him, and has also been made a Major-General in the British Army.

The following description of the marriage is taken from the London *Times:*

> There were few persons in the chapel whose position enabled them to command a view of the regal train as it swept through the long corridor, but those who were so fortunate enjoyed a spectacle of great magnificence. The corridor runs from end to end of the building, giving access to all the apartments along its route, and forming a means of communication with the distant Round Tower. This lengthened approach, lined by the Gentlemen-at-arms, with their richly-faced uniforms, white plumes, and tall battle-axes, formed a splendid avenue for the procession, which moved onward to the notes of Beethoven's Triumphal March.
>
> On the first entry of the royal party there was a slight hesitation as to places, caused, no doubt, by the absence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge through an attack of gout, but this was speedily rectified. Lords Sydney and Castlerosse, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, employed the interval in proceeding to the Red Room, from which they returned with the procession of the bridegroom. Mendelssohn's march from "Athalie" was played as they entered the chapel. His Royal Highness Prince Christian wore the uniform of a Major-General in the British service, the only member of his suite in a foreign uniform being the Count Rantzau, his gentleman of honor.
>
> Advancing to the altar-rails and making two slight inclinations, right and left, to the Bishops seated within, his Royal Highness knelt for a few seconds in prayer, and then, rising, was presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. The photographs, as usual, convey but an inaccurate idea of the bridegroom. He is a tall, military-looking man, apparently between 35 and 40 years of age, with a good forehead, but the lower part of his face covered by a beard—such portions of the features as are visible wearing a calm, determined expression that never forsakes them, but appears to enter into and influence all his actions.
>
> There was a pause of nearly ten minutes before the procession of the bride made its appearance, also heralded by a stately march, this time taken from Handel's "Scipione." All present rose as the Princess, supported by the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the chapel; and the members of the different processions, which now completely occupied the standing-room in the centre of the apartment, proceeded to take up new positions.
>
> The bride on entering the chapel was visibly agitated, but regained composure upon reaching her place at the left hand side of the altar, and subsequently made the necessary responses with a clearness and audibility calling to mind the charm of speeches from the throne in days when these were read by the sovereign in person.
>
> The Queen wore a dress of black moire antique, embroidered with a long crape veil falling from under a crown of diamonds, with necklace and diamond ornaments. The Princess Helena wore a wedding-dress of rich white satin, covered with Honiton point lace, and trimmed with bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle, under a white satin train, lined with white glace and trimmed round with Honiton lace, mixed with cordons of orange blossom and myrtle. Wedding-wreath of orange blossom and myrtle under a splendid veil of Honiton lace. The pattern of the lace was an elegant design in ivy, rose, and myrtle.
>
> The service was performed by the Lord Primate. The Queen, in person, gave away the bride, responding to the inquiry made by the Primate with a gesture full of dignity and determination.
>
> The ceremony over, the bride was warmly embraced by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales; and, leaning upon the arm of her husband, her Royal Highness was then conducted to the White Drawing-room, the royal procession accompanying and attending them, and in presence of the dignitaries of the church the registry of the marriage was attested in due form.

HONEY.

Cheeks as brown as chestnuts could not blush, of course. At least not visibly, but as Honey stood there, her kinky head dropped down, two dimples framing her full mouth, and her eyes just glimmering under their veiling fringes, it was as plain that she blushed as if you could have seen her do it. She tugged at the corner of her white apron first, and then chewed it; she wriggled her fat shoulders and tried to get away, but Sam held her fast.

"Can't go jes yet, Honey; couldn't let ye. Dere an't no time like de present. Dere's a question I want to ask ye."

"Dunno what it kin be," said Honey, knowing well.

"Jes only whether you don't like me a little, Honey?"

"Dere now! No, of course not!"

"Don't b'lieve it, Honey."

"Dunno why you should presumptionate I do."

"Well, Honey, 'cause *I'm* so berry fond o' *you.*" Honey relented a little.

"You see," said Sam, holding her fast still, "Massa telled me some time ago to pick out a gal I liked, and dere an't no gal I like but you. You's jes de purtiest and smartest in dese parts, and ef you'll marry me you sha'n't nebber repent it; far as I kin I'll make you happy, Honey."

And then his voice fell a little, for at that instant it crossed the chattel's mind that a man who did not even own *himself*, who never *could* own even his children, might find it a little hard to make his wife happy under some circumstances.

Honey just then only thought of him. She lifted her great seal-brown eyes and gave him a look and dropped them again. Sam put his arm a little further around her waist.

"Honey, if you *will*, Massa'll give us a reg'lar weddin'. He said he would, and you dunno how glad I'll be. 'Pears like I shouldn't take no heart in nuthin' ef you liked Bill best."

"I don't like Bill a bit," said Honey.

"Then you'll like me?"

"Oh, go way!" said Honey, "'spect I'll hab to say so jes to be shet of ye!"

And then Sam kissed her, and Honey tried to laugh, and made a little open-palmed slap at him, and ended by hiding her head in his dandy waistcoast and crying there like a baby. She hardly knew why herself.

The next minute a bell rung, a voice was heard, and both flew to answer the summons. Sam was Mr. Brusle's own man. Honey, old Mrs. Brusle's waiting-woman. Both had been pampered and petted. Both possessed extensive wardrobes, both were as handsome as they could be, being black. Taking a fashionable view of matters one might have said that Sam was an exceedingly desirable *parti*, and that, on the whole, Honey could not have done better. Some jest of this kind passed from mother to son when the matter was spoken of at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Brusle gave Honey a white dress. Young Mr. Brusle tossed Sam a suit which had graced a fashionable ball-room with its presence.

The Rev. Oliver Huile was invited to dine for the purpose of performing the ceremony, and afterward there were congratulations and feasting in the kitchen.

"Those Northerners talk of our cruelty to our slaves," said Mrs. Brusle, as she waved her gorgeous fan softly to and fro, sitting between her son and the divine, on the veranda; "but I fancy *they* don't trouble themselves about their servants as *we* do. I've really exerted myself to please Honey." And the Rev. Huile patted his lips with his cambric kerchief and laughed softly, partly in sympathy with the lady, partly in derision of the fancies of the North.

"The Chinese, you know, think all other nations barbarians, my dear lady," he said, "and we humor their fancies and buy their fans. Let us have the same charity for the Yankees and their absurdities!" and he sipped his lemonade. Young Brusle taking his cigar from his lips to say:

"They should ask the niggers themselves whether we are bad masters. Hark to that! You don't hear any thing like it in a Yankee factory."

And in the pause a great chorus of laughter swept across the court-yard from the kitchen.

Just then, certainly, it would have been a safe question to put. Ole Missus seemed to her slaves a piece of pure perfection; Massa Charles the best master on earth. Work was light, food good, nobody had been sold for years—and here was a wedding and a feast, and dancing and a fiddle!

Honey thought of nothing further; Sam had a kind of vague, troubled remembrance that Honey was not as entirely his as a freeman's wife would have been, but he danced it off in a double shuffle, and refused to believe that he was not perfectly content.

"As happy as a clam, Massa, t'ank you!" he said, when questioned by that gentleman. "Nebber 'spec to be no happier toder side o' Jordan! Jes wish one t'ing, Massa Charlie!"

"What is it, Sam?"

Sam was two years Massa Charlie's senior, and, as his own man, privileged.

"I wish," he said, brushing his master's hair artistically, and stepping back to get a better view of the general effect, "dat young Massa would find out some purty young lady fur to be his lady, and be jes as happy as me—wid all respec to de difference o' de persition."

"Perhaps I shall some day, Sam," said Massa Charlie, "if your connubial bliss continues, and you assure me of the fact."

And Sam, still brushing, made his best bow, and treasured the expression, "connubial bliss," as a very fine one, to be repeated on the first suitable occasion.

Meanwhile Massa Charlie had his own little affair under consideration. It was a troublesome one, too. There were rivals to fear, and parents to win over. Grace Gordon was an heiress and a beauty—such a beauty as one does not often meet; and though the Brusles were rich in land and "niggers," the Gordons boasted far more bank-stock, and were altogether better off. Then, years before, two great-grandfathers had quarreled, and the quarrel had flung its shadow down even to the present day; so that young Oakum had actually booked a bet, laid with young Carman, that Brusle would have to give up marrying Grace Gordon; while Charlie's mother, between her pride and her love for her son, outwardly opposed and secretly abetted the union.

But Charlie had one important personage in his favor—the girl herself. His great black eyes and brown cheek, where a flush of scarlet lay when he spoke to her; his voice, very musical and mellow, and a certain frank way, all his own, had won the blonde belle's heart. She tormented him a while; then, seeing him grieve, relented; then coquetted again; and finally, entrapped into a moonlight walk and a sentimental mood, yielded to Charlie's wooing, and promised to be his—his, as a free man's wife may be, owned so entirely that only *God* has any greater right than he to the woman on whose finger he has placed the wedding-ring.

And at last, after some opposition, the course of true love began to run as smoothly as possible. Mrs. Brusle called on Mrs. Gordon, and the two families dined together. The betrothal was a settled thing.

A great difference, of course, between a well-bred gentleman of good old family and an exquisitely lovely lady fitted for his mate and "a couple of niggers." But when Honey, in the idle time of twilight, found herself with Sam, his arm about her waist, his eyes looking into hers, she used to ask:

"Sam, do you reckon Massa Charlie and Miss Grace is jes as happy as we is?"

And Sam would say, "I reckon," keeping to himself that thought, "She belongs to him. He owns himself and her. There's no danger—" But there even the thought stopped. Sam would not allow it to go farther. "Love, Honey? No; *that* couldn't be."

Ten months his wife, and he loved her better than ever. She was lovelier, more bewitching. She grew fonder and fonder of him. A glint, jewel-bright, came into her eye when it rested on him. She thought of him night and day. She talked less, and fell into a quiet, gentle brooding over her work when he was not near her.

Grace Gordon called her the prettiest creature the Brusles owned, though, indulgent as they were, their well-fed, well-dressed slaves were *all* good-looking.

It never entered Massa Charlie's mind that Sam's love was any thing like his. Perhaps he was not quite sure how near a "nigger" came to being a man. They were doubtful of it once down South. But he humored his piece of ebony, gave him "lots of time" and handfuls of small silver. So he tossed bones to his dog, and sugar to his mother's pet canary. He never whipped either horse or nigger unnecessarily, and prided himself on his good-nature, especially to Sam.

But now, as the time of his own marriage drew near, there were important things to think of. Ready money was wanted and not easy to raise. As yet he had made no costly present to Grace, and that was one of the great necessities.

For pride's sake Mrs. Brusle must make her offering also to the bride, and how it was to be done without selling land or "niggers" neither could guess. The first was not to be thought of; the world would know it. But who would miss a darkey or so? Ned and Jack might go, and those heroes Julius Cæsar and Pompey also, and no one be the wiser. In fact, as Ned had tried to run away one day, *that* was excuse enough for selling him in any eyes. So talked the mother and son, in confidence, over their evening meal one day, when, *apropos* of their resolve, Satan, or his embassador, "came also among them." A rough-coated, burly man, with a general air of being ashamed of himself, and daring any one to find it out, was ushered in with the surprising announcement, "A gempleman, Massa;" and stood, trying to look as nearly as possible like the description.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said; and being asked to take a seat, sucked at his cane-handle in silence a while, and then, despairing of introducing the subject neatly, fell into it with a splash, as into a pond.

A gentleman, a friend of his, name not to be known at present, *but* a gentleman, wanted a gal of theirs, by name Honey. He knew it was a favor to ask; but he made an offer worth something, and he named a sum which made the mother dart a quick glance at her son. "Not the thing to do when a gentleman had not spoken of parting with his people, but he hoped no offense. There was the offer—so much for the gal Honey. That was what brought him, and there he was. Well now?"

The mother looked at her son, the son at her. "We must talk it over," he said. "Excuse us a moment;" then the two left the room together. Neither spoke until they had shut the door of a little room upon them; then Madame Brusle broke the silence:

"It's just the sum we want, Charlie."

"Yes; but *can* we?"

"I shall miss Honey—she's a capital maid."

"Sam will be furious," said Massa Charlie.

"It's a wonderful offer. Who is it? I can't imagine."

The anonymous buyer was Rev. Oliver Huile, who had had a call to South Carolina, and was fitly ordering his household.

"She's a girl who would command a price," said Charlie; "but I never thought of selling her. You see, Sam is a pet of mine, and he hasn't been used to thwarting. I wonder whether he wouldn't take a notion to Fan if this one was sold? I reckon we'll have to do it;" and he put the sum offered into words again.

They made Madame Brusle's eyes glisten.

"We *must*," she said; "we've humored our niggers too much," and they went back to the trader arm in arm.

A few more words—then money chinked upon the table—a receipt was signed—"the girl Honey" was made over to the unknown buyer through this his agent, and the deed was done.

"Take her this afternoon as quietly as you can," said Massa Charlie. "The fact is"—and he felt just one little pang at his heart—"she has a husband on the place, and I want to get him out of the way. It won't inconvenience you to wait, I hope?"

"Not a bit," said the man. "But you *are* tender with your niggers. He'll have another in a week."

Massa Charlie was not so sure of that as he appeared to be. He gave the trader a cigar, took one himself, and lounged away. In the hall he met Sam.

"Get yourself ready Sam," he said. "I'm going over to V——, and want you." Sam bowed.

"Soon, Massa Charlie?"

"Immediately."

Sam's light step was on the stairs in a moment; but before he reached his own sleeping-place, where his wardrobe was stored, he passed Honey at work in her lady's room on tiny, secret, white work of her own, and stopped and kissed her.

She looked up with a tear in her eye.

"I wonder what I'd do ef ther warn't no you," she said. "Dere me to be suthin before I knowed ye! Now there ain't nuthin only you."

"It's curus. It's so with me too," said Sam; and the haunting terror fell on him again—the terror born of the fact that "a nigger" couldn't even own his wife.

He whistled it off and dressed and went down to his master, a dandy of the first water. Honey peeped at him from a window. Over the veranda the trader looked at him also.

"A likely fellow," he said.

"Yes," said Madame Brusle; "Honey's husband."

"Oh, the gal, eh?" Then the trader laughed, as at a rich joke. "Got him out o' the way nicely, I say; he's not the kind to make a great row. I know 'em, I do. No, this here 'll take it cool."

An hour afterward there was a cry heard. A cry, wild and fearful, that froze the listener's blood; then sobbing words:

"Sam, Sam, help me, Sam! You couldn't take me if Sam was here. I'm his wife. Sam, Sam!" Then the voice was smothered down, and those clustered at the kitchen-door saw Honey dragged toward a carriage, which, with windows closely shut, was driven rapidly away. It passed the Gordons on the road.

Massa Charlie and Sam came home at nightfall. Massa Charlie was nervous. It was not exactly the time at which he should have wished to find Miss Grace Gordon spending the evening with his mother; but he was glad to see her, nevertheless. Soon, in her society, he forgot, or almost forgot Sam and the "scene" which must soon come. He remembered it again when Sam came bowing to the door.

"Excuse me, Missus; can you tell me whar I shill find Honey?"

"Indeed I can't, Sam," said Mrs. Brusle, afraid to say more. Sam went away. He returned in ten minutes with a frightened face. "Missus," he said, "I can't find Honey." The three looked at each other. Miss Gordon knew that a girl had been sold, and guessed the rest. Nobody answered.

"Whar's Honey?" asked Sam, speaking fast and loud. Then trying to laugh, "Seems me, ladies and Massa," he said, "fac' is, dem no 'count niggers in de kitchen has been tryin' to skeer me. Tink it fun, I s'pose, not understandin' how folks feel. Dey told me—law now—dem niggers—dey say—Honey's—sold." And the last words were only gasps, forced from lips on which white froth had gathered as the negro stared at his master.

Charles Brusle began to guess what he had done.

"Sam," he said, "don't take it hard. I've been kind to you. I've—"

"She's sold!" gasped Sam.

"Yes, Sam, she's sold."

Sam was black no longer, His skin had taken the hue of smouldering ashes.

"I knowed it," he said, in a kind of crushed despair. "Kep' a thinkin', arter all she don't b'long to me. Nuthin' don't b'long to a nigger. But I didn't know Massa could do it. Massa jest gwine to hab a wife hisself. What's dat de minister said? 'Dem dat God has jined let no man put asunder.' Dem's words for white folks, not for niggers."

Then out of the calm, as from the lull of a tornado, rushed the storm. The passionate nature of his white father, the barbaric fierceness of those who were his black mother's ancestors, blazed together in his eyes, as, turning on his master, he cursed him with curses horrible as those of the Popish excommunication. "Dere's One dat's your Massa, Massa Charles," he panted at the end—"One dat kin take dem you love as you've took Honey. And He'll do it, Massa Charles—He'll do it. Black skins don't make no difference, Massa Charles, only p'raps Honey was more to me than any body kin be to you, for I hadn't nothin' else. And as you've took her He'll take some from you afore you die."

Then a wild sob came like the breaking of a wave upon the shore, and he had flung himself upon the ground, writhing with the agony of his awful woe.

Grace Gordon stood over him, Charles Brusle knelt beside him. He understood now. "Sam," he cried, "Sam! I didn't know you felt so. The trader isn't gone. I'll have her back, Sam—I swear it!" And his betrothed turned toward him.

"I hold you to your oath," she said. "Restore this man's wife to him or *I* will never be yours."

And there, humbled in the dust, kissing his master's feet and the hem of the lady's robe, knelt the slave man.

The little carriage was at the door, the horses harnessed by fingers trembling with eagerness. Massa Charles and Grace sat within, and Sam begged to drive.

"I'll drive faster than any body else," he said. "Least I shill think so, and think Honey knows it." And the whirling wheels flung the dust on high, and half hid the horses in a gray cloud. Soon dusky in the moonlight loomed the trader's house.

They could see the lights in its windows, hear voices within. Alighting at the veranda they saw a figure upon it—to their surprise the Rev. Oliver Huile. He only gave them a gloomy bow. Then the door opened, and they faced the trader.

"The girl—Honey—you have her yet?" asked Charles Brusle, in a breath.

The trader nodded.

"That was a good spec of yours, Sir," he said. "You're one for luck, I reckon. 'Tan't on *my* hands, though, that's a blessin'."

And filling them with an undefinable terror, he opened another door and ushered them in. An old negress sat crouched upon a low stool. A light burned dimly. By its ray they saw a cot with a coarse check covering, and a woman lying upon it with a new-born infant at her breast. Sam gave a scream of joy. He rushed forward; he flung aside the drapery and bent over the cot, looking into the faces of the wife he loved and the child he had not yet seen.

He bent lower. He looked closer. He stood motionless as an ebon statue of Despair; for under his passionate gaze, unheeding and unanswering, Honey lay dead, with her dead babe upon her bosom.

"She took it in her arms when it come," crooned the old negress from her seat; "and say she, 'We 'longs to Sam,' say she, 'and no one else sha'n't hev us but de Lord!' and shet her eyes, and died like goin' off asleep. Dem's her las' words—'We 'longs to Sam, and nobody sha'n't hev us but de Lord.'"

To-day there are no slaves beneath the Stars and Stripes, thank God! but long before the reign of Slavery was over Charles Brusle and his wife had washed their hands of the black shame. From Honey's grave, from the crushed life of that black chattel, Sam, conscience fled stung to her very soul, and poverty and the sneers of those who watched them were as nothing to her wounds. Each man, woman, and child who called them master and mistress they set free, and spending their wealth to aid them, ended their lives in Northern homes, where Heaven blessed them with health and love and the meed of honest, earnest industry.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now don't ask too many questions," said Sam, as he struck his spade into the ground, "but look on and learn. See if you can not find out for yourselves why I divide the ground into two parts."

"It's a great deal easier to have you tell us," said Lily.

"And a great deal easier for you to forget, if I do," said Sam. "No, I will not answer any questions until I have dug at least one square yard."

And with that he began to work in earnest, but in a way that seemed very mysterious. All across the end of one of his two divisions Sam dug a sort of trench, taking out each spadeful of earth and laying it neatly on the end of the other division so as to form a ridge. Then leaving division number two to take care of itself for a while he went back to the line of earth next his trench and dug that up—turning each spadeful quite over into the trench, breaking the lumps with his spade, and bringing it to a fine smoothness; and leaving also a new trench to receive the next line of earth. But all this time the other division was left to itself, with the ridge of earth at one end.

"Why don't you dig straight across?" said Lily, when trench after trench had been filled with the pulverized earth. "There you've left all that ridge. What will you ever do with it?"

"What should I do without it?" said Sam, digging on.

"I know, I know!" said Clover, joyfully. "Sam, please stop a minute and listen. Isn't this the way? You'll dig down quite to the end of this division, and then to fill the last trench you'll take earth from across the lower end of this *other* division. And then you'll begin to dig that one down there, and dig on and on back to the top again. And then when you come to the last trench of all there'll be the ridge of earth to fill it. Isn't that right?"

"Right as a glove," said Sam, looking pleased. "You'll make a gardener yet."

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "if you were digging a great field you'd have to carry the earth clear across to make the ridge."

"Not so, little sister," said Sam. "I should never be digging a great field; fields are always plowed, Prim; but if it were a large piece of ground instead of a small one, I should divide it into many parts instead of two—only taking care always to have an even number. Two divisions, you see, take care of each other; but if I had a third or a fifth or a seventh all by itself, there would be no place to lay the earth from my first trench, and all I could do would be to carry or wheel each spadeful round to the other end."

"It's quite beautiful!" said Clover, looking lovingly at the brown earth.

"Well, I didn't know digging was so very easy," said Lily. "I don't see why people ever have lumps in their gardens. The earth seems to crumble right up when you touch it."

"Appearances are peculiar things," said her brother, with a smile. "Don't you want to try how much they are worth?"

"What do you mean now?" said Lily.

"Get your spade and help me dig."

"May I?" cried Lily, eagerly.

"Certainly; it is your garden."

Away flies Lily after her spade. Sam set his in the ground and stopped to rest.

"In this way of dividing off the ground, Clover," he said, "you must be careful of two things: first, to dig your trenches straight; and secondly, to make quite sure that the edge of one division is dug quite into the edge of another, else you will have a balk all across your bed."

"What *is* a balk?" said Clover.

"That is what some gardeners call a bit of undug ground left in the midst of that which has been dug."

"It balks the plants so they can't grow," put in Jack.

"Isn't Jack smart?" said Clover, softly, to Sam. "But, Sam, if you are not too tired, will you just dig one more row across quietly before Lily comes? I understand about the trenches, but there's something else I want to see."

"I'm not a bit tired," said her brother; and away he went across the strip of earth again, while Clover looked on more intently than before, watching what Lily had thought so "easy." She saw that the earth by no means "crumbled right up" of its own accord; on the contrary, some of it was very obstinate. Sam's spade went into it, and through it, and into it again, with a light skill before which most of the lumps presently gave way, but now and then there was one so hard that nothing but a good sound tap from the flat of the spade reduced it to order, and every large stone that showed its head was picked out and thrown aside.

"Sam," said Clover, suddenly, "why do you turn every spadeful of earth quite over, so that the top goes to the bottom?"

"Why, just to bring the bottom to the top," said Sam, pushing back his hat. "Then all the soil by turns gets the benefit of the sun and air, and it grows mellow, and more fit for the plants."

"Here comes Lily!" shouted Jack. "Now there'll be sights!" And Jack settled himself on the fence with renewed satisfaction as Lily came rushing down the hill, spade and rake in hand.

"No bonnet, Lily?" said her brother, looking at the uncovered head.

"Oh! I guess I dropped it in the tool-house," said Lily. "Never mind; I don't care for the sun."

"And no shoes nor gloves, and a light pink frock," remarked Jack from the fence.

"Be quiet," said Lily. "I've got shoes."

"But not our garden-shoes, you know, Lily," said little Primrose.

"*Our* garden-shoes!" said Lily. "I wonder how many pair I can wear at once! Where shall I begin, Sam?"

"Choose your place," said her brother, stepping aside.

"I suppose I may as well begin right here where you left off," said Lily, plunging right across the soft bed with more zeal than prudence, and covering her bright house-boots with soil. Clover gave a little cry of dismay.

"You should never walk across newly-dug ground if it is possible to help it," remarked Sam; "for it packs the earth again, and you lose your labor."

"Does it? Never mind, I can dig it up again. Now for it!" And Lily struck her spade vehemently into the ground, but with such a glancing slope that all the effect was to pare off a handful of earth and throw it high into the air.

"Splendid! first-rate!" exclaimed Jack, clapping his hands. "Quite a superb display!"

Sam did not laugh, but stood by to give counsel.

"If you set your spade straight down, Lily," he said, "instead of at such an angle, and put your foot on the cross-piece and press it down, and then draw the handle down toward you—so—and lift the spade gently up, the earth will come up smoothly with it, instead of flying off at a tangent. Don't try to take up too much at first."

Which wise advice Lily disregarded; measuring off for herself a spadeful of such extra size that she could not stir it, and was obliged to pull her spade ignominiously out, with no load at all.

"Easy, isn't it?" said Jack from the fence. "Gets along so fast!"

"Take time," said Sam, kindly; "and take a little at a time. There—that is better; now turn it well over into the trench." And Lily, stimulated by the cheerful tone, really contrived to get up a small spadeful of earth and overset it into the trench. She was much elated.

"I do believe I can do it all myself now," she said. "And I'd much rather do it myself. So you may go, Sam—you needn't dig any more for me."

A queer little incredulous smile shone in Sam's eyes, but he took his coat and began to put it on.

"Very good for me," he said, looking at his watch. "I have something to do in the house. Jack, so have you. And as for you, little Prim, your only chance of a ride on my shoulders before dinner is the present occasion—so come."

"Yes, you may all go," said Lily, whose next venture, to say truth, had been much less successful. "You had better not wait, Clover, because it'll take me a little while to finish this bed, and you may get tired standing."

Such extreme consideration and competency was too much for Clover; she went away without a word or a suggestion; and Jack tumbled up the slope in a state of exhilaration that could find no other sufficient outlet.

Left alone to herself in the brisk spring wind, Lily went through a variety of experiments in digging that can not even be described. Every possible way to do it—or rather *not* to do it—she tried, except only that slow and patient way which Sam had enjoined. Sometimes pushing the spade down by main force, quite neglecting the help of her foot on the cross-piece; sometimes trying for great spadefuls that she could not stir, then shoveling off small ones that were worth nothing; scraping, chopping, pounding—there was hardly any thing Lily did not make her spade do, except dig. And the result was quite in keeping. Sam's work lay there, smooth and neat; even Lily's hasty footsteps had not destroyed its pretty appearance. But beyond that! The trench had disappeared entirely, and the line of digging was now as crooked as a rail fence, but far less regular, while no words can tell the roughness of the ground. An army of stones seemed to have started up out of ambush, and the earth to have all turned into lumps; while the ups and downs of the surface would have made a severe kind of hill country for any small race of creatures.

"I guess I can rake it smooth," Lily said to herself, surveying the lumps and hollows. But as she came back with the rake from where it had lain on the grass a new thought struck her. Had she really dug only *that?* In the heat of the work she had scarcely stopped to notice her progress—it would take her a little while, she had said—and now the whole she had done, bad as it was, looked like but a few inches by Sam's broad, smooth strip. And there, at this very minute, was the dressing-bell for dinner.

"Never mind," was her first thought, "my frock's clean, I guess it'll do for dinner to-day, and I just want to do a little bit more." But a single glance showed her part at least of the state of affairs. The "light pink dress," as Jack had truly called it, had mud stains enough for a plowman's frock; the neat morocco boots were covered and clogged with earth; the stockings above showed a happy blending of all possible shades of brown, and as to her hands, if they were to be scrubbed clean even by tea-time, it was best to begin without much delay. Lily stood silent and still, remembering even in the midst of her discomfort Sam's kindness in keeping Jack away. Slowly and soberly she went along the walk to the tool-house, and then rather hastily up to her room; but the dinner-bell had rung, and every one else was helped before Lily came to the table; her face and neck and hands burned with the sunbeams, but reddened yet more just then with the thought of her first day's work in her garden.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

If ever poor, weary, fainting humanity felt grateful it was last week, when, after seven days of overpowering and unparalleled heat, there came a day when mercury fell and cooling breezes rose. Oh the luxury of that time when it was possible to breathe without the exertion deluging one in perspiration! When it was possible to lie down for a nap, and not be wakened by the fancy that you had mistaken the red-hot kitchen range for your bed! When it was possible to eat even something *besides* ice-creams with enjoyment, to go out of doors with safety, and, in short, to do any thing you pleased with satisfaction. Friends met each other with a genial smile, and thankful words quivered on many lips. The poor invalid, who for weary days and nights had lain panting on her heated bed, in a close and stifling room, breathed forth an earnest prayer of thankfulness; and the pale, helpless child, slowly wasting to death, looked up and smiled a glad smile of relief. Ah! there were many silently grateful hearts, and many outspoken thanks for that cool day!

There has been nothing known for years like the intense heat of this July. Hundreds have died from sun-stroke, or from the effects of the prostration occasioned by the extreme hot weather. Those who were exposed to the direct rays of the sun often were overcome by *coup de soliel* before they were aware of any real danger. The Sanitary Committee have published a paragraph concerning the premonitory symptoms and treatment of sun-stroke, which we quote, as being information valuable for every one:

"Symptoms.—A feeling of constriction, as if by a tight band about the head. A sensation of fullness and burning about the eyes, accompanied with dizziness and faintness.

"The person affected should be immediately placed in the shade in a lying posture, with the head somewhat raised. The head should either be bathed with cold water, or a quantity of crushed ice, wrapped in a towel, should be applied, and a physician at once sent for. All clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck and waist."

A physician also states that a sudden checking of perspiration is one of the earliest symptoms. It is said that laborers and others obliged to be in the sun, would in great measure secure themselves against danger by putting green leaves in the top of the hat. It is certainly a simple preventive, and well worth trying.

There were many incidents, both pathetic and ludicrous, connected with the great conflagration at Portland. One man, seeing the flames spreading toward his own dwelling, rushed home to rescue his household goods. He was so excited that he mistook the house of a neighbor for his own, and, with a few friends, moved almost every thing it contained into a place of safety. When he had nearly completed his work the real owner entered, and a few moments after he saw, with grief, his own house and all it contained rapidly swept away.—A cat was found in the oven of a cooking stove, amidst the ruins, the morning after the fire; she came out with her fur only a little singed.—One extremely old woman, shaking with the palsy of age, clung frantically to an infant, at the risk of smothering it, refusing to let any one take it, because, as she said, it was her boy's baby, and the only grandchild she ever had.—It was reported that an infant was thrown from a two-story window by its frantic mother, and the men who stood below failing to catch the little one, its brains were dashed out on the pavement. The mother jumped afterward and was caught uninjured.—The gas was cut off by the fire for a time, and all the light one fashionable boarding-house up-town could muster was a single candle placed on the front stairs.—One man, who had moved his furniture into the street, was unsuccessful in getting a team to take them to a place of safety, and, with a few friends, set to work digging a trench, into which he pitched the whole lot, and then covered them with earth. They were found next day in a slightly damaged condition.—A drunken man was asleep in the lock-up all the night of the fire while the City building was burning over his head; the building was destroyed, but the lock-up was uninjured, and in the morning he came out bright and sober.—A lady who has lived in one locality for thirty-five years couldn't recognize the spot the day after the fire.

Those visiting Portland will find that the best point from which to view the ruins is the top of the Observatory on Munjoy Hill.

Our markets are flooded with fruits of all kinds—both foreign and domestic. Oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, cherries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, etc. Fruit-stands are at almost every corner; and peddlers, with their overflowing carts or baskets, visit every street, making known their errand by their familiar cry. It is a fine thing to have plenty of fruit, which is especially grateful to the palate in warm weather. And eaten with due moderation, it is seldom injurious. But care should be taken to purchase of honest, reliable dealers, who will not deceive as to the quality of what they offer you. Nothing is more unwholesome than stale, or partially decayed fruit. Yet a large business is systematically carried on by mixing berries which are just on the verge of decay with what are fresh, and thus disposing of the whole. The tolerably honest market-man has a way of setting before his morning customers yesterday's fruit, and keeping out of sight his freshest and best until the old stock is disposed of. So keep your eyes open when you go to market, search out the unopened boxes, and if you can obtain fruit from them, you will be repaid for the trouble.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes somewhat sarcastically of the "rats, mice, firizzes, rods, curls, ringlets, earlets, eyelets, beau-catchers, false pieces, side pieces, back pieces, front pieces, other side pieces, buiges, full bloods, mops, horse tails, sweeps, feathers, puffs, Africaines, and shiners" which are sported by a class of very *outré* feminines at Newport, who seem to have a great deal of money and time, both of which they invest very decidedly in hair. He furthermore appends a brief *hair* dictionary for the use of the ignorant, being as follows:

Rats—Big wads.
Mice—Little wads.
Earlets—Curls in front of the ear.
Bulges—Double Rats—Huge wads of paper, hair, any thing to make a roll which looks like a burlesque on a Bologna sausage.
Full Bloods—Queer little triangular pyramids.
Horse Tails—Long bunches of hair.
Africaines—A kind of wig that crinkles exactly like a negro's wool.

The death of a Mormon bishop is thus pathetically announced:

"He was 3[illegible] years old, and leaves an interesting family of *eleven wives* and forty-seven small children to mourn his loss."

[illegible] many weeks ago a ragged little urchin called upon a prominent merchant in Milwaukee and asked for the loan of fifty cents, for which he promised to give his note bearing interest at ten per cent. The novel proposition so interested the merchant that he gave the money and took the note. About a month afterward he was surprised to see the little fellow walk into the store and ask to redeem the note. The boy, who was an orphan, had invested the money in newspapers and oranges, and had made about forty dollars, which he wished to place in the savings' bank. That boy will make his way in the world without difficulty.

Somebody says: "Destruction is the principal object of a ball as of a battle. Ladies come attired in gossamer dresses many inches too long for them, in order to give the sport fair play, and being necessarily precluded by certain invisible and rotund arrangements from taking an active share in it themselves, the part of destroyer devolves commonly upon the gentlemen, who are in general equal to the emergency. Lancers and quadrilles afford the best opportunities for gaining distinction in this office, though a 'rattling gallop' is not without its advantages, and the staircase on the way down to supper is obstinately preferred by some."

A foreign paper relates the following double drama:

"Simpson, the actor, whose health was always failing, invariably refused to take the medicine furnished by his physician, and the latter was compelled to use different stratagems to make him swallow them. There is a drama, in which the leading-man, a prisoner, is condemned to take poison. Simpson was playing this part on a certain night, and had given the property-man instructions to fill the goblet with port-wine. When night came on he was preparing to swallow the poison, and, to his horror, discovered that his port-wine was senna! There was no chance of escape, and he could not throw it away, for he was compelled to swallow it in the presence of his persecutors, and to show there was no poison left in the cup. With the air of a martyr Simpson swallowed the horrible drug, slowly and calmly, and the audience applauded loudly; but he never forgave his physician the infamous practical joke, and died without ever paying his bill."

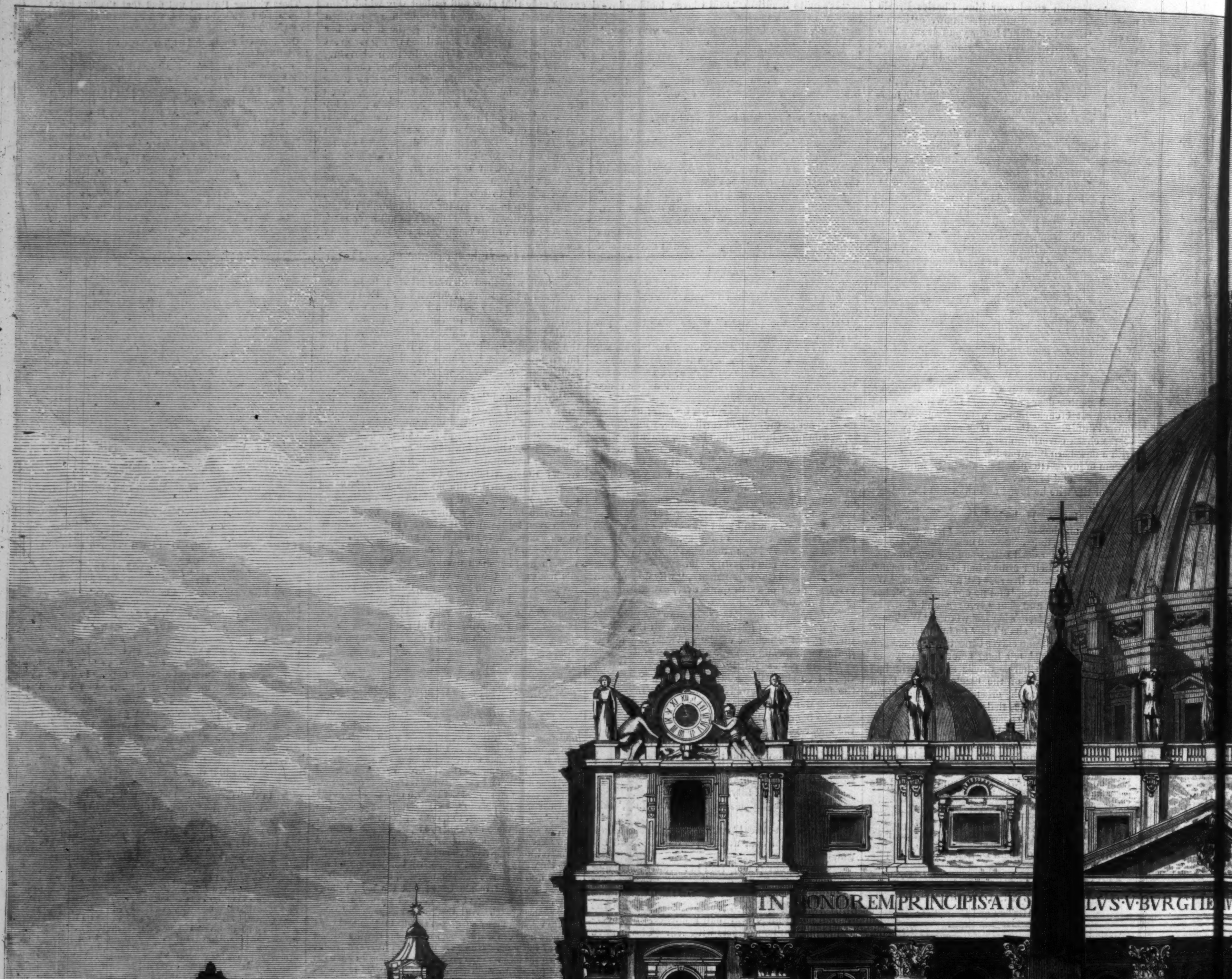
Those of our lady readers who are at the sea-side will be interested in the following description of the veritable morning toilet for the sea-side—what is called in France a *toilette de pêcheuse*. A white woolen petticoat, trimmed with three bands of coral-colored cashmere; a skirt with wide white and coral stripes, and looped up in a peculiar manner. The front and back are looped up with separate drawings; the front is all drawn up in the usual manner, but the back is tied up in two parts only, so that it falls on the petticoat as though it were the two wide ends of a sash. This style of fastening up the skirt at the back does not look ungraceful, although the description reads as if it did. Afternoon toilets are sometimes looped up in this fashion. With the *toilette de pêcheuse* the *chemise russe* is worn, made of the same material as the petticoat.

White dresses which are intended to be worn on dressy occasions are mostly trimmed with cross-cut bands of colored silk. Thus, a white muslin dress, cut out in vandykes round the edge of the skirt and worn over a muslin petticoat with several tucks, would be trimmed with cross-cut bands of blue silk bordered with narrow guipure edging. Between every vandyke there is a blue ribbon rosette: the casaque describes the same vandykes, and is ornamented likewise with rosettes.

A white muslin dress looks very ladylike when it is cut in the *redingote* form and trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with narrow pleatings of some light-colored silk. Five of these pleatings are usually sewn round the skirt, and they ascend to the top of the front breadth, and likewise on the bodice. When the dress is low a *berthe*, composed of alternate muslin *bouillonnés* and silk pleatings, is added round the shoulders. This same trimming is also used upon white *piqué* dresses, but then the silk is a bright, dark color instead of a light shade; black silk arranged in this manner especially produces a good effect.

But *appliques* of black velvet are the prettiest trimmings for white *piqué*. Black braid is also used very much for trimming, and has the advantage of being easily washed.

Some outdoor coverings have been introduced of a most original character. They are *peplums* of white cloth, with long, pointed sleeves, and are edged all round with wide gold braid and gold fringe, and bedizened all over with gold *soutache*. These extraordinary garments will be worn during the day at watering-places, but in reality they are only fit for opera mantles. The same shape is also made in black cashmere, and the wider the gold braid and gold *soutache* are the more character is the *peplum* considered to possess. The cashmere paletóts covered all over with beads, and even with gold beads, appear uncommonly simple by the side of these later introductions.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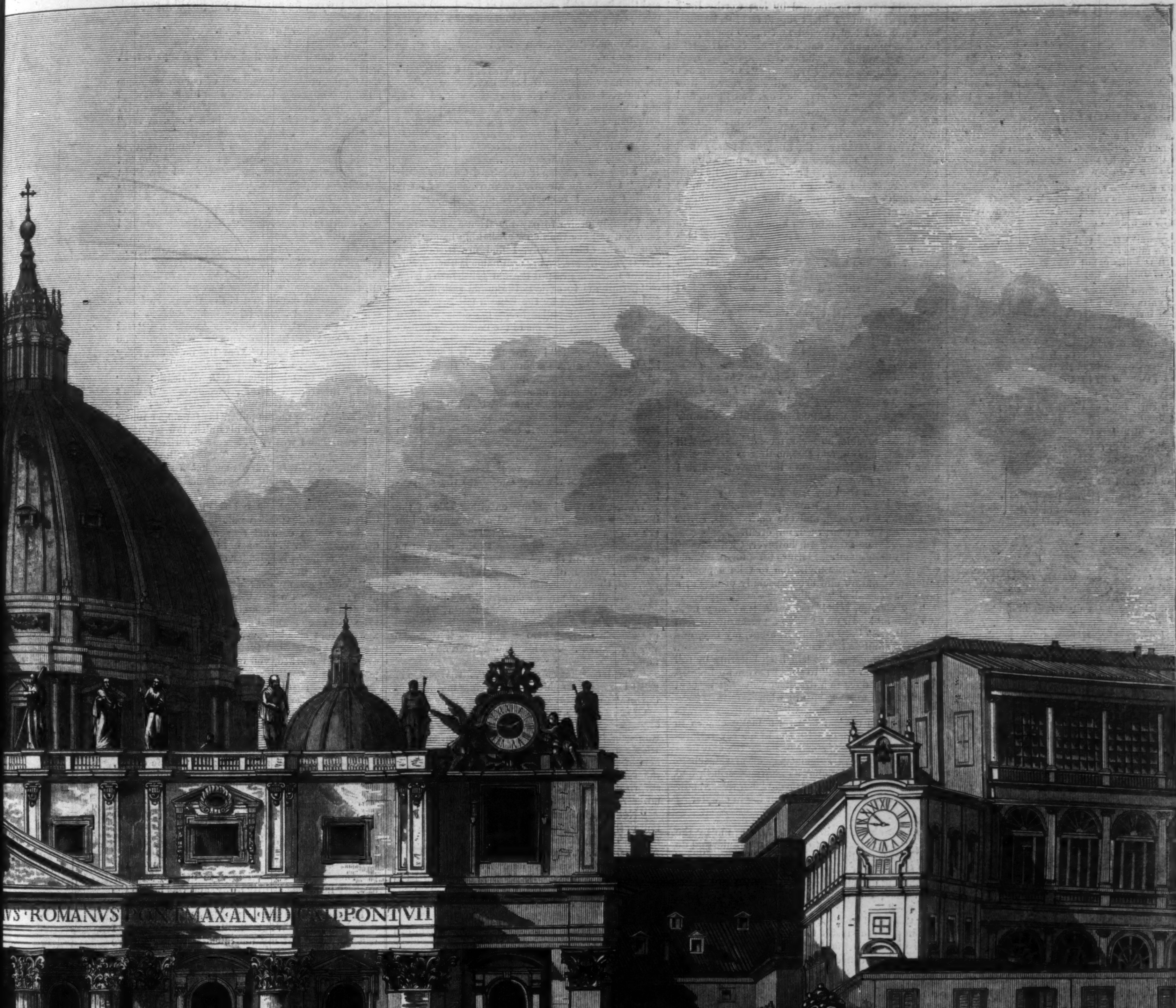

VS·ROMANVS·PONT·MAX·AN·MD·PONT·VII
ALEXAN-VII-P-M

[See Page 494.]

JULY.

Throughout the house a dreamy stillness stole,
  The watch-dog slept, scarce buzz'd the lazy fly;
The clock tick'd on with solemn measured tone,
  Counting the drowsy moments of July.

Through quaint-shaped panes the mellow light crept in,
  And traced rare brown-gold shadows on the floor;
The air was heavy with the scent that hung
  Around the clematis that framed the door.

Through the clipp'd arches of the olden yew
  I pass'd, and very silence reign'd around;
As though the earth by some enchanter's spell
  In magic sleep were bound.

The peaches slumber'd on the garden-wall,
  The dew upon their crimson cheeks was wet;
The red-ripe strawberries gleam'd amid their leaves
  Like rubies in a ducal coronet.

The feathery wheat stood still as fairy spears,
  Borne by a million transfix'd sentinels;
The harebell was asleep, nor woke to ring,
  In honor of July, her tiny bells.

The flame-tongued nightshade droop'd her purple pride,
  Yet held entranced the hedges where she clung;
And wearied there her trails of blossoms white
  The wild convolvulus flung.

The river with its waveless waters lay
  All motionless, as a pure crystal sea;
Another landscape painted on its tide,
  With spire, and sail, and tree.

Close by the rush-grown bank a boat was moor'd,
  So still, it stirred not on the river's breast;
The world was hush'd, and Nature at my feet
  Lay wrapp'd in perfect rest.

Like to the princess in the story old,
  She in her beauty slept—oh, sight of bliss!
Waiting until some poet-heart should come
  And wake her with his kiss.

O wake! O wake! and breathe into my soul
  Thy soul, that rightly I of thee may sing;
Or—sleep forever, in thy beauty veil'd,
  'Neath July's wing.

THE PARTY IN SPECTACLES.

I.

"There he is! That's the very man!"

"Where? Which man?"

"That party—don't look while I point—that party in spectacles."

I cast my eye discreetly in the direction indicated by my companion, and beheld a stout, rosy, smooth-shaven gentleman, apparently turned of threescore, with curly gray—almost silver—hair, a fine Roman nose, a rather large, sensuous mouth, white teeth, and blue spectacles.

After a moment's quiet inspection of the "party" I shook my head confidently and replied:

"Pshaw! not a bit of it. What! he—*he* the—?"

"Hush! I tell you it is. Wait till the passengers settle down a little. I'll introduce you, and you'll see."

"But—but you don't know him yourself."

"Pooh! that isn't of any consequence," said my friend, laughing. "I know who he is, and that's enough. Public characters, you know, always flattered by such recognition when discreetly shown. And our object being serious—oh, never fear, it will be all right."

"But he's all alone. No one else seems to recognize him; whereas, if he really were— I'm sure you're mistaken, and we shall "sell" ourselves neatly."

"Nonsense! I can't be mistaken. And as to his being alone and unknown, don't you see the blue spectacles? He's incog."

"Infiddlesticks! Why should he—if it be he—travel 'incog.,' as you call it? It's absurd. I tell you—"

"I tell you it's all right," interrupted my friend, dictatorially. "I'll take the responsibility. There, he's by himself now, looking at the capstan. Come along; we'll join him, as it were, accidentally."

Let me open a parenthesis before we go further, to explain the scene and characters of the foregoing dialogue.

We—that is, my friend Sam Chellis and *his* friend Will Wyndon, *videlicet* myself—were upon the deck of a certain steamer, which was gallantly stemming the tide of a well-known river (by name neither Potomac nor Mississippi) between two populous cities within the territories of the Re-United States of America.

Mr. Chellis was (and is) a rising member of the bar.

Mr. Wyndon was (and is) simply a youngish gentleman of leisure, and your very humble servant.

Both were traveling in pursuit of health, happiness, and other illusive phantoms unnecessary to detail.

Both were enthusiastic admirers of true greatness, and anxious ever to approach and hold commune with the good, the noble, and the wise among their fellow-men.

Mr. Chellis's enthusiasm, indeed, was apt to outrun his caution occasionally, and, without being at all a celebrity-hunter in the vulgar meaning of the term, he still was prone to seize every possible, or even apparently impossible, occasion of profiting by the intercourse, no matter how limited or unusual its character or opportunity, of the celebrated personages that chance threw in his way. Not infrequently had this surely praiseworthy proclivity of his subjected him to embarrassment, and even to temporary mortification. But nothing had ever damped his ardor, or lessened his righteous confidence in himself.

It was not long before this that Chellis, reading aloud a grateful and richly-deserved tribute, in a great English journal, to a certain noble-hearted fellow-countryman of ours, whose name is an honor to humanity, exclaimed to me:

"By Heaven! Wyndon, I'd give my left hand to meet that man! If I could only say three words to him and shake him by the hand—you know how somebody once shattered the glass that a certain illustrious personage had just drank from, saying it should never be touched by less worthy lips? Well, Will, upon my life, I should feel like keeping the hand that had clasped that man's noble palm inviolate from human touch ever afterward!"

"The sentiment, though slightly exaggerated, does you credit, Sam," I replied. "But there will be little difficulty in your gratifying your wish to meet him. He is over here now, you know, and will doubtless be the subject of much public attention. You can easily pay your court to him. We'll subscribe to his first public dinner, or—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. At least I shall not. I would not give a copper to meet him in such a 'bunkum' way. None of your public flummery for me. I want no formal introduction, no 'set form of speech,' and all that sort of bosh. I wish to meet him just casually, by chance—off his guard, as it were—and have him to myself for five minutes. In the street, for instance, or at the barber-shop, or in a rail-car—any where in an undress sort of way, you know. I've seen his portrait in the papers, and though, of course, it's an execrable wood-cut, I'm sure I'd recognize the original at once."

"Perhaps so. But you remember your little mistake with reference to Garibaldi. And how you took the—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Chellis, testily. "What of that? Mistakes may happen to any man, especially when the likeness—besides it was at night when I met—that is, when I thought I met Garibaldi. At all events, I shouldn't be mistaken in this case, as you will find if it should ever be my good fortune to obtain the opportunity I long for. That isn't probable, however, for I doubt if he will ever visit our town, and I've no time to go hunting after him, even if I had the inclination—which I haven't—for such toadyism."

As I agreed with my friend as to the improbability of the accidental meeting he referred to, I said nothing in reply, and the matter was, so far at least as I was concerned, forgotten.

A short time afterward, however, Chellis found himself unexpectedly at leisure for a fortnight, and eagerly accepted my invitation to take a passing glimpse of nature and art (especially of *art*) at a few of the so-called "fashionable watering-places."

"By George, Will!" cried he, "we *may* meet *him* after all! In fact I have a presentiment that we shall. So keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and be sure I shall do the same."

In this disposition we had been loitering by rail and river, from "spa" to "spa" (to use an English term) for ten days in a desultory way, but without encountering any adventure whatever, in the celebrity line or otherwise, when Chellis, who was constantly on the *qui vive* for a lucky chance to turn up in accordance with one of his several presentiments, suddenly startled me by the exclamation, quoted at the commencement of this chapter, on board the steamer as above described, and caused the dialogue that ensued, which we will now resume at the point where we left it—in chapter

II.

"Come along," said Chellis, seizing me by the arm; "we'll 'loaf' up to him, so to speak, and do the thing genteelly. It's a glorious chance, isn't it?"

"Certainly a very pleasant opportunity," said I, suffering myself to be led onward half-reluctantly by Sam; that is, if the gentleman really should be the—"

"Confound your skepticism, Wyndon! to say nothing of your insult to my perspicacity. But I shall expect an ample apology, mind! when it's over, and gratitude besides. Now, then, old fellow!"

We slowly neared the solitary traveler in blue spectacles. He was leaning against the capstan, apparently in rapt contemplation of something in the distant perspective.

Chellis followed the direction of his gaze a moment, then, in a respectfully cordial tone:

"A glorious outlook, Sir!" said he: "a splendid sight, Sir, that broad horizon, with the many towers of a great commercial city, and the myriad spars of her vast commercial navy looming through the blue expanse. We are, without vulgar vanity, Sir, a very great nation."

The stranger started slightly as Chellis accosted him, and looked keenly upon my friend through his spectacles while he was speaking. When Sam paused interrogatively, the old gentleman gave himself a sort of shake as though to resettle his wandering thoughts, and, smiling blandly:

"Immense! immense!" he exclaimed. Then a sudden gravity overspread his rubicund countenance, and drawing himself up slightly, "Excuse me," he added, quickly, "but I really have not the pleasure—I—I do not recollect—you have the advantage of me—"

"Certainly!" interrupted Chellis, with enthusiasm: "I have, indeed, a very great advantage of you; the advantage of having the proud honor to know by sight, as well as by his world-wide fame, the large-hearted, the philanthropic, the munificent, the princely Mr. ——."

At the moment I am about to write the name which my friend Sam Chellis pronounced with such unction I am suddenly withheld by a perplexing scruple of delicacy. This name, in fact, is the personal property of a modest private gentleman; although by his noble character and actions a household word of honor and gratitude on millions of earnest lips, in millions of prayerful hearts, still, a private gentleman's name, not to be lightly used for selfish purposes by an author of "unconsidered trifles" like myself. What shall I do? Though the tale I tell be true, will its truth justify me for placing a veritable personage, by his actual name, by the side of others whose identity is concealed by fictitious description and nomenclature? Though what I say of this personage be—what else could it by any possibility be?—the simple and familiar truth, and therefore honorable to himself, as it is pleasant to me that say it, will this be sufficient extenuation for the liberty I take?

I positively can not take the responsibility of a decision.

Under these circumstances I see but one resource, and that is, to seek such refuge as I may find under the, perhaps transparent, shelter of a simple initial.

This much indiscretion will, I humbly trust, be forgiven me.

"—The princely Mr. P.," concluded Chellis, raising his hat with respectful courtesy.

The gentleman in blue spectacles started back, and "blushed celestial rosy red." Then, plunging both hands in the capacious pockets of his linen overall, he started forward again, and ejaculated: "Ha! Mr. P., Sir? ha!" in a hoarse whisper, like the "aside" of the stage villain.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Chellis, hastily. "I have no intention of intruding—of interrupting you. I respect your privacy, Sir, your modest desire to be unrecognized; believe me, Mr. P., I simply desire to pay my tribute of admiration, and to have the honor of shaking hands with you, in the quietest way, I and my friend, Sir, Mr. Wyndon. Mr. P., my own name is Chellis, Sir, permit me"—he grasped the old gentleman's hand—"permit me to express the proud satisfaction I feel in thus taking by the hand a fellow-countryman whose noble philanthropy has done honor to two hemispheres, and made the name of American synonymous with—"

"Hush! h—ush!" interrupted the traveler, casting an uneasy glance around him. "Don't—*don't* speak so loud, my good Sir!"

"Certainly not; excuse me!" murmured my friend, sinking his voice immediately. "But I see a vacant bench over there, in the shade. Pray, Mr. P., do us the honor to take a seat, and indulge us with a few moments' quiet conversation, if perfectly agreeable to yourself."

"Oh, with pleasure!" replied our companion, amiably—and led the way himself to the unoccupied bench.

We seated ourselves, one on either side of the illustrious stranger, and waited a moment for him to lead the conversation. He seemed in deep thought, his glance wandering from one to the other of us abstractedly; but in an instant or two he suddenly smiled, laughed a quick, low laugh, and in a brusque, though cheerful tone:

"How did you find me out, ha?" said he.

"By having seen your portrait, Sir," replied Chellis. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken, though my skeptical friend here would have it that you were not Mr. P. Aha! Wyndon, what do you say now?"

"Yes, ha! what do you say *now*, Mr. Wyndon?" echoed Mr. P., laughing, and giving me a slight tap on the waistcoat with his forefinger.

Of course I abjured my infidelity pleasantly, and expressed myself charmed at this unexpected opportunity of informal converse with a gentleman so widely and justly renowned for his many princely acts of charity and benevolence: while I added at the same time that I was delighted, though not surprised, to find him so affable and familiar—so unreserved and even jovial of manner.

"Not surprised, certainly not!" said Chellis, sententiously. Cheerfulness and affability are the true indices of a good heart and approving conscience. And these Mr. P. must possess in an eminent degree, if it be true that virtue is its own sufficient reward. Ah, Sir, what a magnificent monument you have erected—a pyramid of Good Works which shall endure when that of Cheops has long mouldered into the sands of the desert!"

Mr. P. looked at Sam, then at me, and laughed again.

"You flatter me, gentlemen," said he. "But I—yes, I'll tell you a secret!—will you keep it, ha?"

"Of course," said I, somewhat surprised, but still more pleased by such an unexpected mark of confidence.

"Sacredly, sacredly, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Chellis, looking as if he were ready to take a solemn oath of secrecy on the spot.

"Well, then, Mr. Wyndon and Mr. Chellis," said Mr. P., giving each of us a tap with his forefinger as he named us, "listen! I've done something, as you say, for my fellow-men. But what I have done, Sirs, is nothing—the veriest trifle—to that which I am going to do. The most insignificant trifle in the world, I assure you, ha!"—and as he said "ha!" cheerily, he leaned back and looked at us with the brightest of smiles, as if he were hugely enjoying our unfeigned astonishment. Chellis first recovered himself.

"Excuse me," said he; "but though I am prepared for any conceivable amount of humanitarian munificence on the part of—on your part, Sir, still I can not for an instant consent to regard your already unprecedented liberalities to your suffering fellow-mortals in the light of trifles. My dear Mr. P., they are gigantic, simply gigantic, in their scope and influence!"

"Ha! but only by comparison; only by comparison, you know," retorted Mr. P., archly. "Now, Sir, when you shall hear what I am about to do—hush! here comes some one! Pray don't say a word—don't mention my name, I beg of you, gentlemen!"

"Of course not—certainly not!" we both hastened to assure him, as we perceived his evident nervousness at the idea of being a centre of public curiosity or attention at such a moment.

The intruders were two in number: one a slender, bright-eyed, sharp-featured gentleman of middle age; the other a short, muscular man, with a broad, good-humored face, and a pair of bushy flaxen whiskers. This person had the air and dress of an intelligent mechanic, or perhaps a sort of confidential servant or attendant upon a professional gentleman, such as his companion was at once decided to be by both Chellis and myself.

"He has a doctor's eye," said Sam, *sotto voce*, as the pair halted a few paces off, and seemed to return, though not at all offensively, our scrutiny.

"A lawyer's, rather," I retorted, for I had studied—or, more properly, had *not* studied medicine, but had lounged through a couple of courses at a Medical University, some years before, for want of other occupation.

"A doctor, for ducats!" muttered Chellis.

"A lawyer, for any thing you like!" I responded.

"Champagne?" queried Sam.

"Done!" said I.

"But how shall we find out? Perhaps Mr. P. will be good enough to—"

At this moment the subject of our wager made an almost imperceptible sign with his head toward our distinguished companion, and smiled pleasantly.

"Ah! you know the gentleman, my dear Sir," said Chellis. "Pray, then, tell us if—"

"I—yes—that is—a casual acquaintance—never saw him before in my—I mean I never saw him but once before, you know, ha!" exclaimed Mr. P. in his stage-whisper, at the same time modestly avoiding the stranger's eye.

The short man said something to the sharp-featured gentleman in an under-tone; the other nodded and smiled again, and both walked slowly away.

"At all events you know his profession, I hope?" resumed Sam.

"His profession?" Ha! I—I believe he—he's an undertaker—yes, I know he's an undertaker: measures dead people and buries them, you know—horrible!" and Mr. P. fairly shuddered.

"It *is* a repulsive trade!" said Chellis. "But you, at least, can have no fears of death, Sir. The great and good deeds of your life most assuredly entitle you, Sir, to the blessed reward—"

"Hush! hush! Don't talk of death; pray don't," interrupted Mr. P., earnestly. "I don't intend to die; I really don't, indeed." Saying this Mr. P. once more applied his forefinger to our waistcoats, and laughed in his quick, low manner.

I own that I was considerably surprised by the increasing eccentricity of our famous fellow-traveler; but, thought I, if any man has a right to be odd, that man is surely the great and good Samaritan before me.

Chellis, however, did not seem to notice these little peculiarities; his whole mind was absorbed in the problem of what stupendous enterprise of benevolence Mr. P. was about to engage that could possibly eclipse the splendor of his recent achievements in this line.

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. P.," said he, in a moment; "but you were about to honor us by confiding to our admiration and discretion a project for the still more extended amelioration of mankind—a work that should cause your previous princely efforts to appear—but that is not possible. However, as I remarked, you were good enough to propose—"

"Ha! yes; so I was, so I was, my dear friends; but—but—you see—that confounded undertaker has driven it all out of my head—all, upon my soul! Singular, isn't it? Ha!" And Mr. P. looked from one to the other of us in ludicrously counterfeited perplexity.

I could not forbear laughing for the life of me, and Chellis joined in my hearty cachinnation, though scarcely with an equal unaffectedness.

But what was our surprise—our amazement—our confusion, when Mr. P. suddenly sprang up from the bench, his face violently flushed, and frowning severely upon us, exclaimed: "Laughing, ha! laughing at me, ha! You will find it no laughing matter, Sirs!" and before we could recover our presence of mind sufficiently to utter a word of apology he strode swiftly away, and was lost in the crowd at the further end of the boat.

For some minutes we sat in the silence of abashed astonishment. What Chellis was thinking of I can not say; but my mortification speedily gave place to resentment, and I exclaimed:

"Confound his stupidity! Though he were Mr. P., or any other man, great or little, he is a most insufferable old muff, and if he were twenty years younger—"

"Pshaw! Wyndon. It certainly was very disrespectful in you to laugh. It was natural that Mr. P. should fancy you were laughing at him; equally so, that he should be sensitive as to his memory; and more so still, as to his evident prejudice against undertakers, which he is, no doubt, conscious of as a weakness. You were very wrong to laugh."

"Why, hang it, Chellis, you laughed too," cried I, rather nettled at his putting all the blame on me.

"I know I did, but it was only an echo; your merriment was so confoundedly catching. But seriously, what do you think he will do? He threatened we should find it no laughing matter, you know."

"I neither know nor care," replied I, tartly. "Nothing, probably, except cut our acquaintance. What can he do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sam, moodily.

"Well, Sam," said I, my good humor returning, "you'll admit that the great philanthropist is a very different sort of man from the idea you had formed of him. Such a cranky, queer old fellow I never met out of a mad-house before. However, as you said, he is traveling *incog.*, and perhaps his strange manners are a part of the disguise, eh? At any rate, we've had the fun of meeting and talking with him. You've shaken his 'noble palm,' too, Sam; so I trust you're satisfied whatever comes of it."

Just as Chellis was going to answer, probably to rebuke my irony, the alarm sounded for dinner.

"Come along," said I, "I'm hungry. No doubt we shall see our distinguished fellow-voyager at table. We'll sit near him, if we can, just to see what he will do, and have it over."

"I hope he will accept an apology," said Sam, walking with me into the dining-saloon.

III.

The tables were nearly full. There were but five seats vacant; three together on one side of the board, and two others directly opposite, but separated by a pillar. We advanced toward the unoccupied triad of chairs.

"'Scuse me, gen'l'men, these seats is engaged," objected the polite African of American descent who officiated as chief waiter. "Take them two opp'site, if you please!" he added, pointing to the vacant twain on either side the column.

We obeyed, and seated ourselves.

While we were tasting our soup the expected occupants of the opposite chairs came in. They proved to be the sharp-featured gentleman and his muscular companion, and — yes — our susceptible friend, the great philanthropist.

He came forward first, alone, and swiftly, and took the centre seat without looking at us, or, apparently, at any one else. The other two followed, and placed themselves one on either side of him. Neither of them paid any attention to Mr. P., nor did he seem to notice them, save by a slight, and, as it were, involuntary shrinking, as they sat down.

"Poor gentleman," whispered Chellis; "he'll never be able to eat with that undertaker beside him. I've half a mind to offer to change seats with him. Perhaps he'd take it as an *amende honorable*, eh?"

"Don't do any thing of the sort," said I, earnestly. "It would surely offend his neighbors and be ridiculous besides. Keep quiet, and don't annoy him by observation."

I added this caution, for I just then caught his eyes fixed for an instant upon us, and its expression (he had pushed his blue spectacles up on his forehead at the moment) was by no means amicable. As soon as he saw that I noticed him he dropped his glasses quickly over his eyes again, and began playing with his table-spoon while waiting for his soup.

The soup was brought, and he fell to with apparent appetite.

In another moment I heard a clatter and an exclamation of impatience, and, looking up, saw that Mr. P.'s blue spectacles had fallen into his soup-plate, from which he was nervously fishing them out.

Chellis also perceived it, and, resting his glance for an instant on the old gentleman's fishing operation, he smiled sympathetically at the disaster.

At the same moment Mr. P. looked up his eyes and those of Chellis met, and, quick as lightning, he caught the soup-plate up and flung it, soup, spectacles, and all across the table at poor Sam's head, exclaiming at the same time in a gleeful tone:

"Ha! laugh, will you? take that!" and was proceeding to follow up his volley with his tumbler, when his arm was suddenly arrested by the muscular man beside him, who snatched the tumbler away, saying, in a stern voice, "None of that, Sir, or we'll put 'em on again!" At the same time the person whom we supposed to be an undertaker looked steadily at the excited old gentleman, and said, very quietly but firmly:

"Calm yourself, my dear Sir. I entreat you, I *command* you to be calm!"

The flush passed away as if by magic from Mr. P.'s face; he held down his head, and waited, like a shamefaced school-boy, till his spectacles were restored and another plate of soup set before him, when he resumed his meal in the meekest and most decorous manner possible.

Fortunately the irate old gentleman's aim had been less deadly than his intention, and Chellis got off with a sprinkling of soup on his garments and the table-spoon in his lap.

But fancy, if you can, his feelings, and the expression of his countenance as well as my own, to say nothing of the varied effects produced by this extraordinary explosion upon the other guests at the table. Fancy the scene if you can, for it is beyond my power to give you an intelligent idea of it.

As soon as order was restored the sharp-featured gentleman rose and made a brief apology for his "unfortunate friend," as he called him. He said that his friend was unhappily afflicted with a malady—here he smiled, and slightly touched his forehead—which caused him at times, but not often, to lose momentary control of his temper; that he was extremely sensitive—foolishly so, he might say, without offense to his friend—to ridicule; that he could not bear to be laughed at—few men could, for that matter—but that his friend was apt to fancy that people were laughing at him when in truth they had no such intention. That such had been no doubt his friend's belief when he saw the gentleman opposite smile at the little accident of the spectacles; but that now, when he was assured that no such incivility had been intended, his friend would be most anxious to apologize, he knew, and he trusted the apology would be accepted. Here he sat down and looked at his "friend," who had listened intently to this speech with his table-spoon balanced across his forefinger. The old gentleman no sooner caught his friend's eye than he dropped the spoon, and said, in an unsteady voice: "Yes! ha! certainly—most sorry—did not mean—of course—hoped it was all right—ha!" and quickly picking up the spoon again went at the soup more eagerly than ever.

After dinner Chellis and I went upon the upper deck to smoke our cigars. To us presently came the sharp-featured gentleman, and spoke as follows:

"I am exceedingly sorry that my patient's violence has caused you annoyance. He is generally a most harmless, and in many respects a pleasant and entertaining person. Nothing ever moves him but laughter which he supposes to be aimed at himself. I trust you were not hurt, Sir?"

"Oh no, not in the least," replied Chellis, who looked very wobegone and chop-fallen. "But—do you mean to say that that gentleman is not—I mean that he is a—a—an insane person?"

"A mild monomaniac, Sir, nothing worse, I assure you; but incurable, I fear. I saw him talking pleasantly to you before dinner, and did not interrupt you. I always forbear to restrain his liberty, or to mortify him uselessly by my authority or recognition when we are traveling. By-the-way, what was he telling you? How did you scrape acquaintance?"

I was about to give the Doctor (for such he evidently was) a brief account of Chellis's comical mistake and its strange consequences, for I thought it, after all, a pretty good joke. But Sam frowned and winked at me savagely, and I stopped.

"Oh!" said Chellis, in as off-handish a way as he could assume, "it was merely a chance word or two, you know, something about the view or the weather, that brought us together—travelers' ordinary chat—"

"Though your friend," interrupted I, a little maliciously, "your patient, Doctor, seemed to think we took him for some one else; and I rather think we—or at least Mr. Chellis here—encouraged him somewhat in this fancy, for—"

"The fact is," said Sam, cutting me short in time, as he supposed, to prevent my betraying his secret—"the fact is, Sir, that your friend certainly did imagine we mistook him for a distinguished philanthropist of our acquaintance—I would say, whom we were desirous of becoming acquainted with."

"Ah! ah! I understand!" exclaimed the sharp Doctor, smiling. "Pray, who—what distinguished person did you—that is, did he conceive himself to resemble?"

Sam hesitated rather sheepishly.

"To the renowned Mr. P.," said I.

"Oh! ha! ha! ha! capital!" cried the Doctor.

"Wasn't it? ha! ha! ha!" echoed I.

"Really! And you took him—I would say—he fancied you took him, for our honored countryman, the famous Mr. P.?" repeated the bright-eyed Doctor. "Well, there *is* a sort of likeness now, isn't there?" This to Chellis.

"I—can't say I see it!" growled Sam.

"I do," said I, with mock gravity. "I think your patient looks very like Mr. P., or, rather, very much as Mr. P. might look if he were traveling *incog*, disguised in blue spectacles, you know—eh, Chellis?"

Sam walked off, muttering something that sounded horribly like "D—n the blue spectacles!"

We didn't see the bogus Mr. P. again, nor have either of us yet had the pleasure of meeting his illustrious reality. But whenever Sam suggests the possibility of some passing stranger's being any celebrated personage I pleasantly remark, "Remember the party in spectacles!" and my friend's enthusiasm oozes away, like Bob Acre's courage, instantly.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

Ladies, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied or not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as the case may be, forget to draw attention to the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has invariably indulged in its favorite enjoyment in every age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all make mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks, wholesale, retail, and for exportation; so, happily for all of us—for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers—it is in many parts of the world to this very day. We need not stir out of the enlightened kingdom of Great Britain for instances of professional cryings by the side of tears of a warmer nature; and if we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru," or from the London Docks to our Antipodes, which will, perhaps, answer our purpose as well, we shall find that woman relishes her "good cry" as keenly and cultivates it just as assiduously in a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood-fire kindled in a hole in the ground, as in a delicious boudoir in London or Paris, with eau de Cologne and sal volatile ad libitum. When, therefore, one sweet summer's afternoon I rode into a peaceful little native village in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or weeping concert, preparatory to a grand banquet of ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the spirit back for nearly four thousand years, to the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the well's mouth to water her flock. The scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, all fostered a feeling that time had stood still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an everyday observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank among the northern tribes, having just returned from a long absence, was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement, while the gentlemen expresssed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows: Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some ladies, or what a friendly glass of gin is to others in different circumstances, and what a "good cry" is to all the sex, is the "Tangi" to elderly Maoris of the feminine gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers—and, in fact, a general clearer of the air. One may see, on entering a settlement, a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are draped shawl-fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers or dogs' hair. They appear to be bowing their brows together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and, pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be perceived taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blubberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than any one else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too decided a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the full of the moon, only stopping to—in point of fact "se moucher," in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes with her blanket, and expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigor, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honor to produce the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined to one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to her an old lady will be nodding, winking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a minute's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the party will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterward rejoin her circle of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace, and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or feeling, of course, should be respected and sympathized with, but the "Tangi" is no more real than the polite condolence of the world of London. It is only a ceremony, a required indulgence in the luxury of sham, and it can no more be relied upon as an evidence of the warm or affectionate nature of the Maoris than the first funeral met with in London can be accepted as a proof of the ardent tenderness of English undertakers. In fact, a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi" than, in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricassee of his grandmother as a choice dinner for a favored guest. And so, on the present occasion, dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was assuaged and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An English married lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow and at liberty to marry again. Decision reserved.

The other day a member of Congress wishing to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to its Maker."

A REVERSE.

When the defeated Austrian flies
Across the Alpine ridge,
Fair Venice, with her Bridge o' Sighs,
Will soon her sighs abridge.

It is stated that a man in Indiana obtained a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes. He concluded to "let her slide."

Conditions of Sail.—Wind and tide permitting.

A gentleman from the country on the Fourth of July took eight glasses of soda-water, waiting a while with each one for the "scum to settle."

A Very Strong Onion.—At the Police Court, the other day, one William Onion was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police. Mr. Onion was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This Onion appears to be absolutely insufferable.

A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

"Bring me some cold cream," said a gentleman to a stupid waiter at a fashionable restaurant.

"Some cold cream?" repeated the man. "Oh! some *ice* cream?"

"No, some cold cream, for this," pointing to the coffee.

"Ah!" returned the enlightened waiter; "some *milk* cream?"

"No," persisted the gentleman, rather sarcastically, "some *cow cream!*"

What word is that in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a man—the three first a woman—the four first a great man—and the whole a great woman?—Heroine.

The Land of the Living.—The parson's glebe.

MISTAKEN.

One summer's morn, while yet the dew
Lay glittering on the lawn,
I spied a maiden fresh and fair,
Come tripping like a fawn
Across the hawthorn-scented meads
With steps so light and airy,
You really might have fancied her
A wood-nymph or a fairy.

"Sweet girl!" I cried, all powerless
To check my admiration,
As she, with winning smiles, return'd
My morning salutation.
"Sweet girl! of all the lovely flowers
In Flora's diadem,
Thou, with thy wealth of glowing charms,
Art the most brilliant gem.

"Surely the Queen of Beauty nursed
Thee while her nymphs bedeck'd her!
And fed thee on Olympian food—
Ambrosia and nectar!"
"Bother!" she laughingly replied,
"Owd lad, thee beest mistaken;
Aw lives on good strang whoam-brew'd yell,
Wi' lots o' beans an' bacon!"

How to make the Hours go Fast.—Use the "spur of the moment."

Purse-pick-uous.—We have seen some good-sized purses in our time, but we never had the luck to see so pursy a porte-monnaie as the one described in the following sentence, clipped from a police report in an English paper:

"Ruth Jones, of a yard in Hawley-croft, said she left her house and locked the door on Friday afternoon, and was away about an hour. On her return she missed a purse containing *four pawn tickets and a clothes brush.*"

Reflection by an Irish Lover.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweet-heart with you.

What is the best flower for a doctor to cultivate? Cyclamen (sickly men).

"Here's a riddle for you," said Joe to Jack,
"Be quick, and let's have the reply:
Why are you just like your father's nose?
Give it up? You're under his eye."

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gunpowder magazine by the sentinel on the ground that he was a *spark*.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where he used to say one could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing, Sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue."

"Wa'al," said the Yankee, eying Rowe, "guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

"Well, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

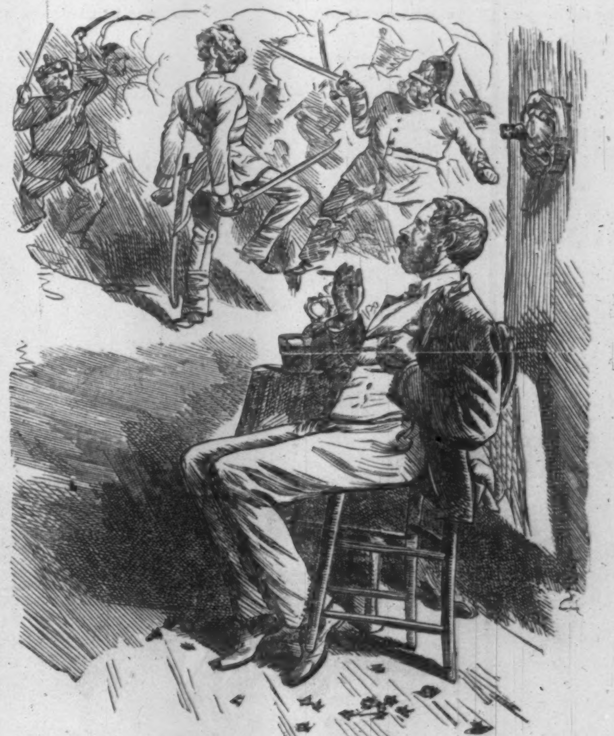
RAILROAD LYRIC.

If an engine meet an engine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash track, train, and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all acquit the engineer,
When "coming round the curve."

If an engine meet a steamer
"Coming through the draw,"
If they crush or drown the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
P'rhaps he's rather raw—
They don't discharge an honest fellow,
"Coming through the draw."

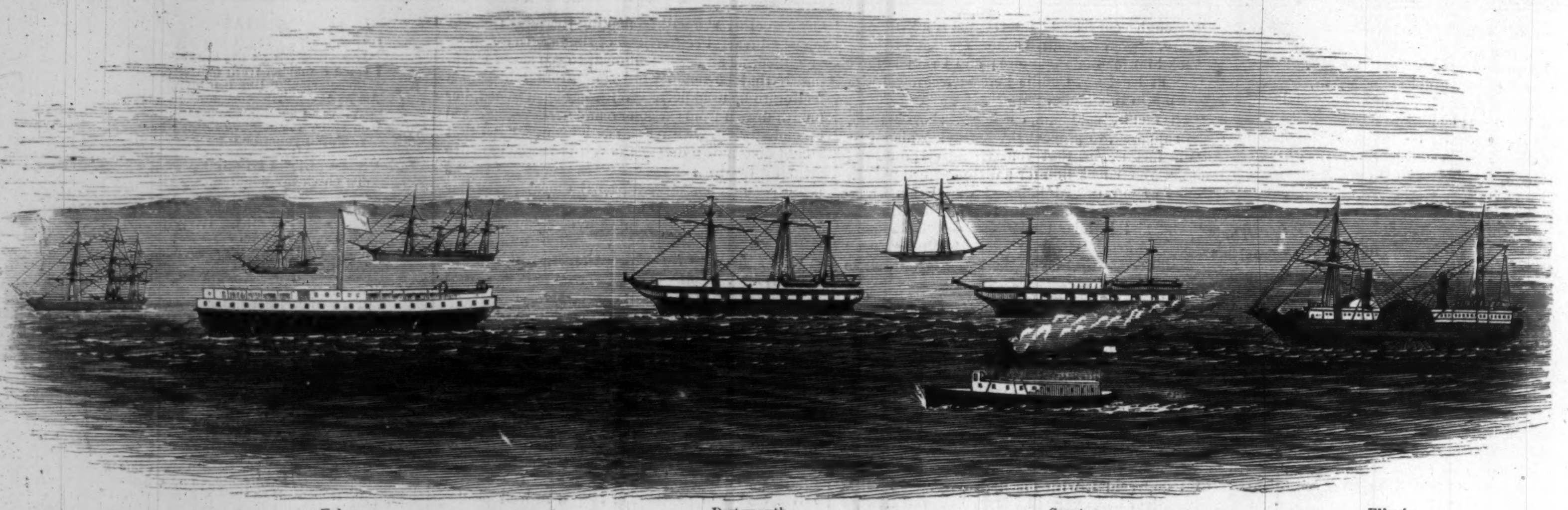
If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to time,"
If they burst their pipes and boiler,
Where's the mighty crime?
Should a jury in a fury
Make them pay one dime,
Or send the officers to prison,
"Running up to time?"

If they maim or kill a body,
Or a body's wife,
Need a body sue a body,
For baggage, limb, or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neck or leg,
And have to meet the cost.



DENMARK AVENGED.

Denmark. "Fight it out, Gentlemen! I've the Pleasure to Look on!"



HOSPITAL SHIPS AT THE LOWER QUARANTINE, NEW YORK BAY.—[Sketched by B. S. Osbon.]

HOSPITAL SHIPS IN QUARANTINE.

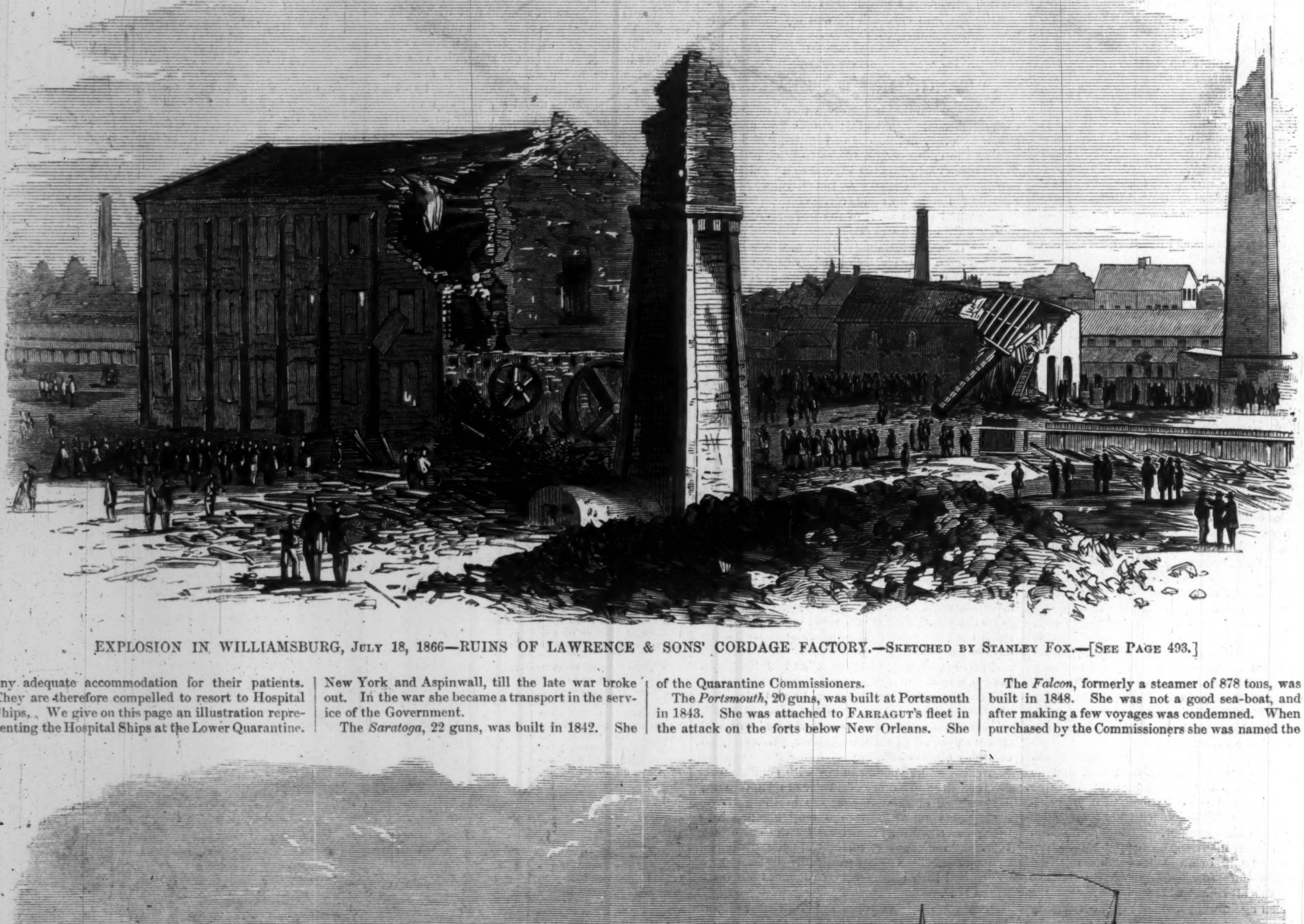
The expulsion of the Quarantine Commissioners from Seguine's Point has again left them without any adequate accommodation for their patients. They are therefore compelled to resort to Hospital Ships. We give on this page an illustration representing the Hospital Ships at the Lower Quarantine.

The side-wheel steamer *Illinois*, 2040 tons, was built by Smith and Dimon. The engines were constructed by the Allaire Works of this city, in 1851. She was employed in the California trade, between New York and Aspinwall, till the late war broke out. In the war she became a transport in the service of the Government.

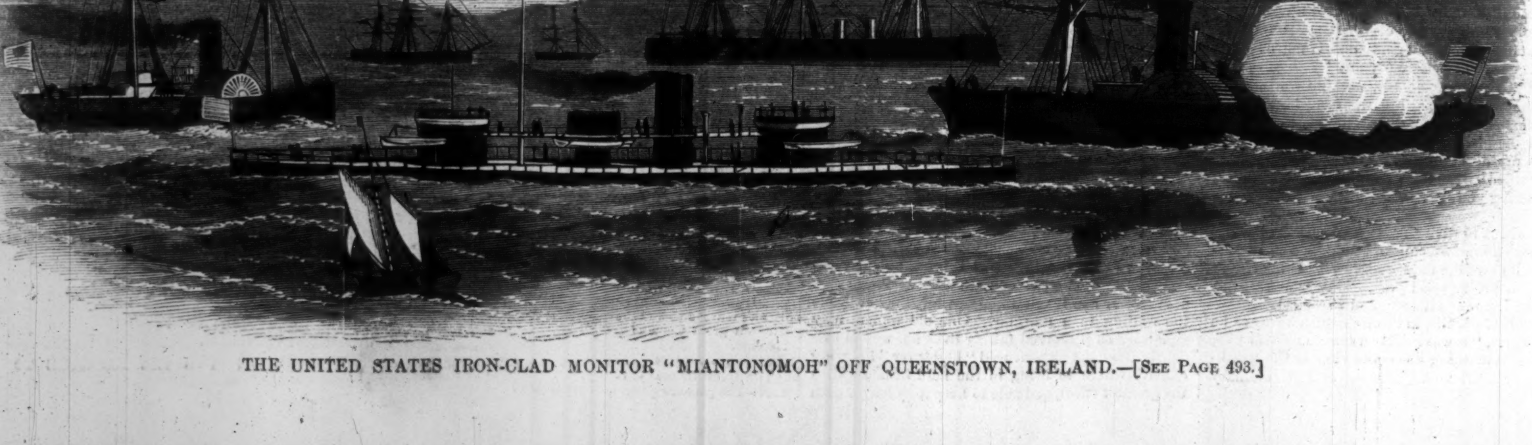
The *Saratoga*, 22 guns, was built in 1842. She has been attached to almost every one of our squadrons. In the war she belonged to the South Atlantic Squadron. Since the war she was employed as an ordnance vessel till she passed into the hands of the Quarantine Commissioners.

The *Portsmouth*, 20 guns, was built at Portsmouth in 1843. She was attached to Farragut's fleet in the attack on the forts below New Orleans. She lay at New Orleans for a long time as receiving-ship and temporary flag-ship, and has been lately used as an ordnance vessel at the port of New York

The *Falcon*, formerly a steamer of 878 tons, was built in 1848. She was not a good sea-boat, and after making a few voyages was condemned. When purchased by the Commissioners she was named the



EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG, July 18, 1866—RUINS OF LAWRENCE & SONS' CORDAGE FACTORY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 493.]



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH" OFF QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[See Page 493.]

Florence Nightingale, and fitted up as a hospital ship. She has excellent accommodations for a limited number of patients.

EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG.

DURING the violent thunder-storm of July 18, a singular accident occurred in Williamsburg, Long Island, which we illustrate on page 492. The New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the affair:

On Bushwick Avenue, between M'Kibben Avenue and Boerum Street, is located the rope factory of HENRY LAWRENCE & SONS, a firm doing business in this city. The factory consisted of one three-story building, and a one-story building, in which were four boilers and engine. At one end of this boiler-room was a large chimney 75 or 80 feet in height. This chimney was the cause of all the mischief. The lightning struck the chimney, completely demolishing it, and then ran down the interior of it into the engine-room, striking in its course the supply pipes, which at once caused the boilers to explode with a fearful crash.

At least this is the theory, but the precise facts will never be known, as the engineer, the only person who could possibly throw any light upon the matter, was instantaneously killed. At the moment of explosion there was a loud and tremendous peal of thunder—indeed, so appalling was the crash that many persons living in the immediate vicinity of the disaster were not aware that a boiler explosion had taken place till some time afterward.

Two of the boilers were driven with frightful velocity through a brick wall to a distance of 600 feet, snapping in their course large and stalwart trees like so many twigs. The other two boilers took an opposite direction, being hurled across the street, and through a brick stable, which they completely destroyed, finally burying themselves in the rope-walk of Messrs. WALL & SONS.

To add to the terror of the scene, the buildings caught on fire, but owing to the prompt arrival of Hose Carriage No. 2 the flames were quickly subdued without doing any further amount of damage.

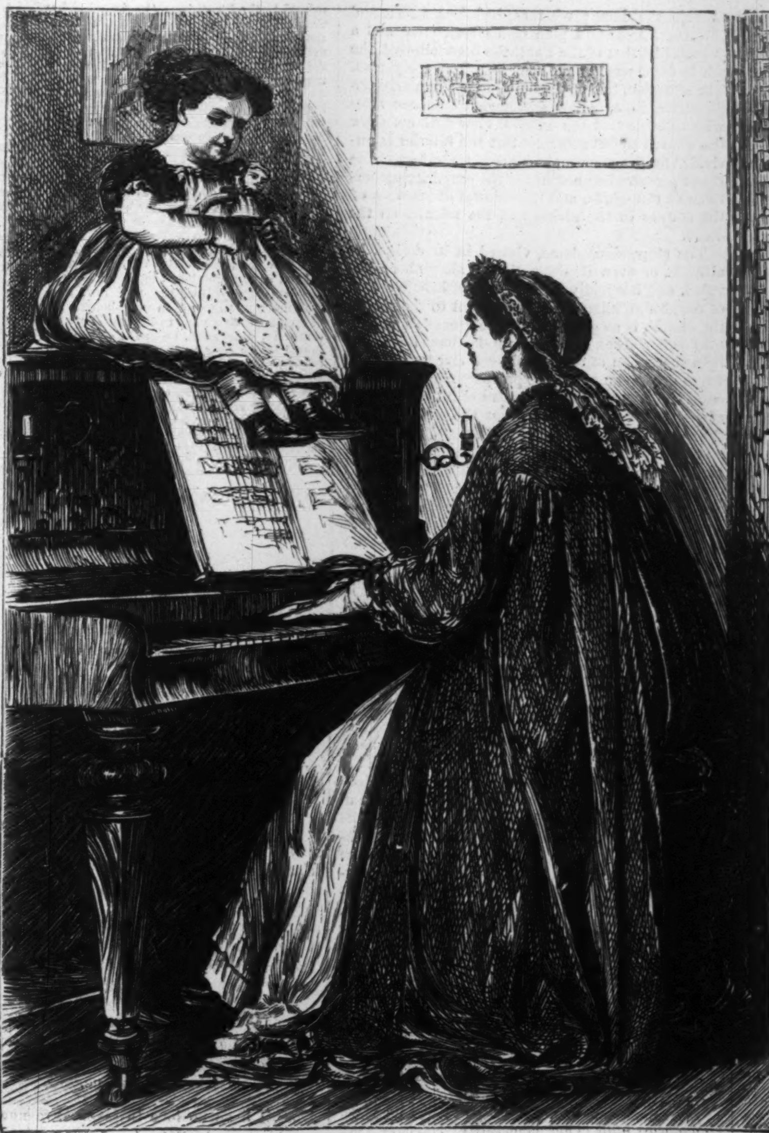
Captain MULLIN, of the Forty-sixth Precinct, with a squad of men was quickly upon the ground, and he found Engineer WILLIAM BOYLE lying upon the sidewalk, outside the building, face downward, with a heavy plate of iron resting upon his back; before raising him he was found quite dead. His left leg had been cut off just below the knee, and both arms were shattered, hanging to his body by mere shreds of skin.

Deceased was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children, the eldest not more than 10 years of age, to mourn his untimely death. The grief of these little ones and their mother was heart-rending to behold, and it was a relief when some kindly-disposed neighbors led them from the scene.

It is a matter of wonderment that no more casualties occurred, for in the factory proper, the roof of which was torn completely off, there were over 300 people employed, all of whom escaped without the slightest injury.

Coroner SMITH held an inquest during the afternoon, and from the testimony elicited it was shown that the deceased, WILLIAM BOYLE, was not killed by the explosion of the boilers, but by lightning, and a verdict to that effect was rendered.

The damage done to the building and those in the immediate vicinity is estimated at about $20,000.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE are but few changes in fashion to chronicle this month. As the weather has grown warmer, dresses lighter and brighter in color and of lighter materials have become more generally worn; but, with this exception, there is little else to notice. Muslins, of course, are greatly in fashion, chiefly, though, for indoor wear; not merely those elegant printed robes with deep borders of flowers and extremely rich shawl patterns, but plain white muslins trimmed with sky-blue or rose color taffeta ribbon, up the centre of which some running pattern is embroidered, and the edges of which are bordered with Valenciennes lace. The "peplum," the new capuchin-shaped jacket, with long pointed ends falling frequently in front as well as behind, is generally worn with robes of this description; and, when so, is invariably made to match the robe itself. Taffeta robes with long trains and jupes cut *fourreau*, and with casaques of the same material or of white lace, are very commonly worn on grand occasions, those of a delicate green tint shotted with violet appearing to have the preference. One observes, too, in the Bois de Boulogne, numerous robes of gaze de Chambéry of rich pale tints or embroidered over with Lamballe blue, mauve, rose, or amber-color spots, or perhaps of maize-color, with watered ground, all having casaques to match; these casaques being frequently trimmed with long pearl drops. The above-mentioned robes are all made without pleats and are worn without crinolines, the jupon being of white cambric muslin, with one or two small flounces or plaited at the bottom, and having an *entre-deux* of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux; indeed, so endless is the variety at this moment in vogue that it would seem almost impossible to introduce any novelty that was not in too striking contrast to the present mode to stand the least chance of being adopted. Chapeaux of black straw, with yellow straw trimming that more than partially covers them, and occasionally a single flower or small bunch of fruit at the side, have just been introduced. They are evidently intended for country or sea-side wear.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Casaque and robe cut *fourreau* of fine gray mohair, the jupon ornamented at the bottom with a row of "pattes" of light porcelain blue taffeta fastened with small buttons. The robe is raised by a band of blue taffeta, which catches it up at regular distances and gives the idea of a tunic. The casaque is ornamented in the same style as the jupon. The chapeau is of rice straw, bordered with plaits of pink taffeta, and with strings to correspond; at the side is a cluster of roses. Parasol covered with imitation algæ.

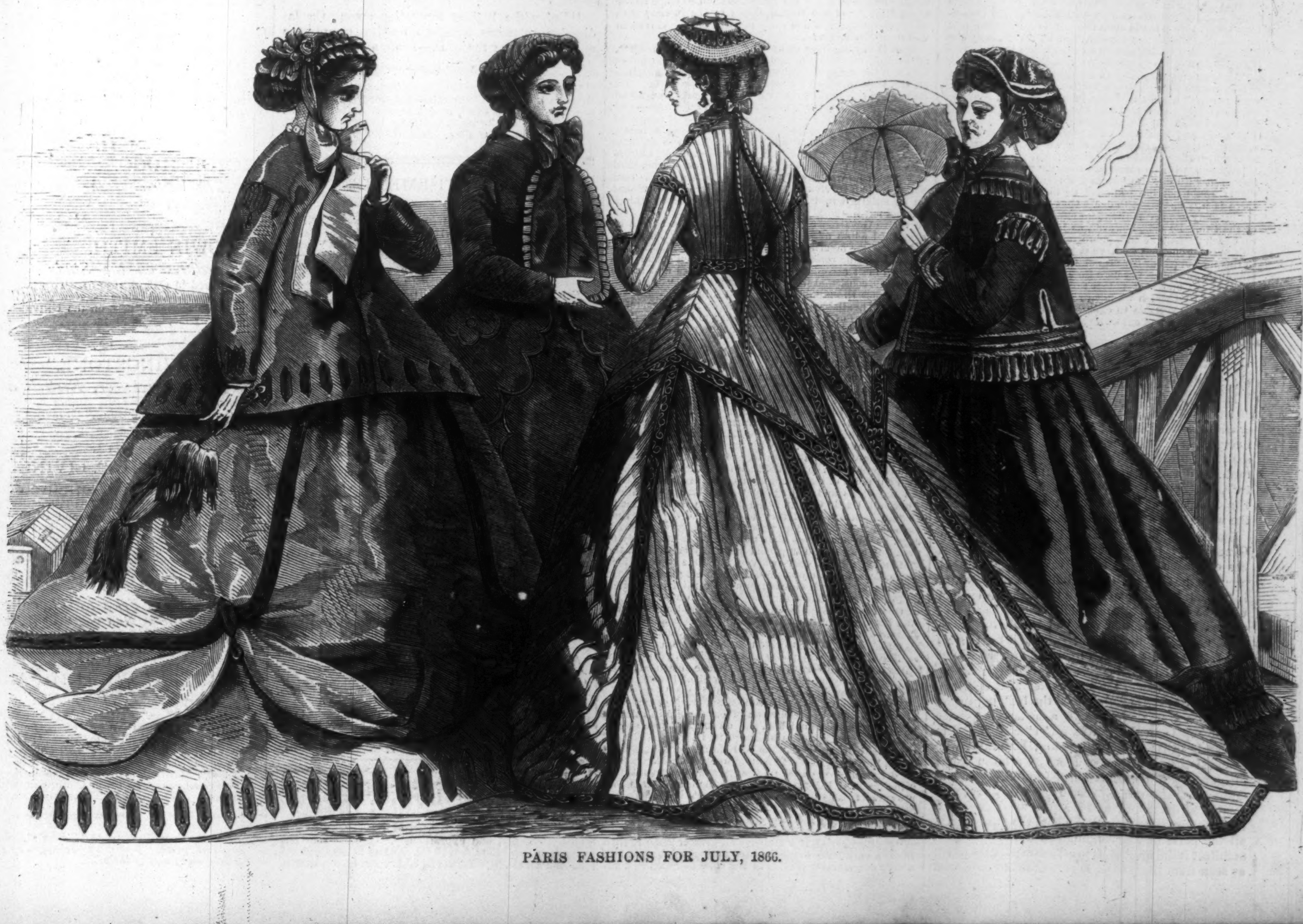
Fig. 2. Robe, with casaque and double skirt en suite of violet silk trimmed with white lace or a straw-colored passementerie. The chapeau is of goffered tulle of the same shade of color as the robe.

Fig. 3. Robe and peplum of striped foulard (green on a white ground), ornamented with guipure Cluny. Chapeau Lamballe of fancy straw, with a large bow of green satin ribbon bordered with black lace placed in the centre of the crown; green satin strings.

Fig. 4. Robe of blue taffeta with a double row of straw-color chenille fringe at the lower part of the skirt. Paletôt-sac of the same material as the robe and trimmed to correspond. Chapeau of straw with rows of blue ribbon diverging star-shape from the centre of the crown, and on which are arranged single ears of corn that take the same diverging form.

THE "MIANTONOMOH."

THE Monitor *Miantonomoh*, with a paddle war vessel called the *Asheulot*, and the sloop of war *Augusta*, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, June 16. They came from St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence they sailed on the morning of the 6th inst., having thus made the voyage across the Atlantic in ten days and a few hours. The *Miantonomoh* is a new ship, built in the naval dock-yard, New York, in 1865, and, though never tried in any engagement, is considered to be superior to any other vessel of the kind constructed for the late war, both as a sea-going and a fighting ship. Her hull is in shape like any ordinary vessel, but from a distance is scarcely perceptible above the water, and resembles nothing more than a huge raft of timber, with two immense turrets and a funnel. The armament consists of four Dahlgren 480 lb. guns and one 12 lb. howitzer. The crew numbers 160 men. The *Miantonomoh* proved herself a first-rate ship in her ocean passage. She brought as passengers Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Department of the United States Government, and an Attaché of the English Embassy at Washington. The *Asheulot*, which accompanies the *Miantonomoh*, is a paddle-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1866.

steamer, capable of steering from either end. She was built at Boston in 1865, and is of 700-horse power. The armament consists of ten 48-inch shell guns, two 60 lb. rifles, two 20 lb. rifles, two 24 lb. howitzers. The *Augusta* is employed as tender to the *Miantonomoh*, and, previously to being purchased by the United States Government, was a passenger-ship from Charleston to New Orleans. During the civil war she rendered good service in watching blockade-runners, having captured property to the value of over a million of dollars. The American ships were visited in the harbor of Queenstown by frequent and large parties of excursionists, greatly to the profit of the railway and steamer companies.

The *Miantonomoh* has two turrets, 18 feet in diameter, in each of which are two 15-inch guns. Each turret carries, as a second story, a pilot-house. The sides of the turret consist of eleven inch-thick plates of iron laid upon each other. On the withdrawal of the guns the port-holes can be instantaneously closed by large masses of iron. The armor-plating of the ship extends vertically from her deck downward about 9 feet, and is composed of six inch-thick plates bolted together and backed with a total solid thickness of 3 feet of oak. The iron plating overhangs the general line of the hull fore and aft. The hull is of timber, 3 feet thick. The upper deck is planked with 3-inch deal, under which are iron plates 2⅝ inches in thickness, resting on 18 inches of beams and wooden backing. The general dimensions of the *Miantonomoh* are as follow: Length over all, 259 feet; breadth, 57 feet; depth of hold, 19 feet; tonnage, 1560. The *Miantonomoh* has two screws, one under each quarter, of 10 feet 6 inches diameter and 15 feet pitch. She has no less than seventeen separate engines to work her screws, turrets, ventilating-fans, steering-gear, and capstans. Her speed may be safely stated at 10½ knots, though in fair weather and under favorable circumstances she has made 11¾ knots.

The presence of this Monitor in a British port has occasioned a great deal of excitement, and the vessel has created an almost universal admiration. The general impression made was that the American iron-clads and their armaments were superior to those of the British Navy. On the other hand, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking exception to the general opinion, speaks thus of the guns of the *Miantonomoh*:

> "Without attempting to pronounce offhand an opinion as to the respective offensive and defensive powers of the *Miantonomoh* and our own ships of war, we may say emphatically, and with all confidence, that, if the artillery equipments of the two were to change places, we should certainly have much sounder grounds for uneasiness and alarm than exist at present. The *Miantonomoh's* guns are cast iron, superior, it is probable, to our own cast-iron guns, but infinitely inferior, there is little doubt, to the system of wrought-iron ordnance which we have elaborated at so much care and expense. They are also smoothbore guns, whereas, for sound technical reasons, not to be detailed within the scope of a short article, we have discarded smooth bores and adopted for the best and most advanced type of our heavy naval guns a very efficient system of rifled ordnance. Further, these American guns fire only spherical cast-iron shot and shell—a description of projectile which our experiments have shown to be comparatively useless for penetrative purposes, and for which we have wisely substituted 'chilled' iron shot and steel shell. Finally, the velocity with which the 450-lb. shot of the *Miantonomoh* are capable of being projected by the comparatively low charges used is very much below what is necessary to secure *penetration*—except perhaps at the very shortest ranges; and although we are told that the Americans advocate the theory of heavy weights and low striking velocities, in opposition to direct penetration, it should be borne in mind that this theory had at one time many able supporters in this country, that the experiments which were made upon the subject were considered to have exploded it; and lastly, that its retention by the Americans is probably rather a consequence than a cause of the system of heavy artillery which they have adopted.
>
> "It is not unreasonable to conjecture that the history of this system is somewhat as follows: Powerful ship-guns were required when the means of production in America were seriously hampered, and when there was little time for experiment. Huge cast-iron guns which would project huge cast-iron shot with moderate charges recommended themselves on account of the comparative facility with which they could be produced; and for the present this system, with its attendant theory, prevails in America. But with such a system the results of our experiments would not have allowed us to rest content; and there is now no reason to doubt that that which we have deliberately adopted is the more efficient and satisfactory of the two. Be this, however, as it may, and conceding that each presents certain points of advantage, it is desirable to point out that we have not been taken by surprise in this matter; that our acquaintance with American fifteen-inch guns does not date from the arrival of the *Miantonomoh*; and that unless further experience should contradict that which we have so laboriously acquired it would be unreasonable to express anxiety as to the comparative efficiency of our own system of heavy ordnance."

ST. PETER'S.

It has been said that perhaps no city in the world abounds with such a number of churches as Rome, or with fewer handsome ones as respects their architecture. Seven of the earliest churches of Rome are still called Basilicas, and enjoy a metropolitan rank. Four of them are within the walls—St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, Sante Croce in Gierusalemme; and three outside the walls—S. Paolo, S. Sebastiano, and S. Lorenzo.

Foremost among them all is St. Peter's, which Gibbon styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." It occupies the site of a Basilica built by Constantine in 306, but has nothing except the name in common with the ancient style of buildings. Of the present church the foundation was laid by Julius II. in 1506, and the building was dedicated by Urban VIII. in 1626, its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by twelve different architects, the most celebrated of whom were Bramante, who planned the building in the form of a Greek cross, with a hexastyle portico and a cupola in the centre, and erected the piers and arches that support the dome; Raphael, who changed the plan from a Greek to a Latin cross; Michael Angelo, who returned to the former, and designed the dome; Giacomo della Porta, who completed the dome; and Maderno, who returned to the Latin cross plan, and added the *façade*. Of all the parts of the building the work of the last architect is the most open to criticism; for the front, as seen from the piazza, is so prominent as almost to hide the dome; whereas, had Bramante and Michael Angelo's plan of a Greek cross and a *façade* like that of the Pantheon been followed, the whole dome would have been seen from the piazza. The situation, too, of the building is singularly unfortunate, in a hollow surrounded on three sides with hills, so that the exterior view does not show the church to advantage. But the interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty. Its immense size is not perceived on account of the exquisite proportions of the whole, and the colossal dimensions of the statues in the niches and the mosaics on the dome.

The stupendous dome, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, is altogether unrivaled, and has justly been pronounced the triumph of modern architecture. The ascent to the top of the church is so gradual as to be accessible to persons on horseback; from thence the dome is reached by a succession of ingeniously-contrived staircases. From the top an extensive prospect may be obtained of the beautiful amphitheatre of hills which incloses the Campagna on all but the western side; the summits of the loftier Apennines behind, wreathed with snow; the Tiber in its sinuous windings through the district; in the distance the blue waters of the Mediterranean gleaming in the sunbeams; and, far beneath, Rome, with her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins, the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange-gardens of her convents, contrasting with the deep shade of their mournful cypresses. Beneath the dome stands the high altar, under a canopy of solid bronze, covered with the richest ornaments. The monuments are for the most part unworthy of the church; but to an English visitor there is a singular interest in Canova's monument of the last of the infatuated and unfortunate race of Stuart. The principal dimensions of St. Peter's are as follows: Length in the interior, 613 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, including the pilasters that divide them, 197¾ feet; height of the nave, 152 feet; length of the transepts, 446½ feet; diameter of the dome, including the walls, 195 feet, or nearly 2 feet more than that of the Pantheon; diameter of the dome in the interior, 139 feet, or 3 feet less than that of the Pantheon; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the summit of the cross outside, 448 feet. Thus the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral in London might stand within the shell of St. Peter's, and yet leave 46½ feet at either end, 25 feet all round the cupola, and 64 feet above the dome. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza in front of the church form, along with the covered galleries that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

LORD DERBY'S STATEMENT.

On the evening of July 9, on the occasion of Lord Derby's inaugural statement, the House of Lords presented an unusually brilliant and animated scene. The area was filled with peers. All the members of the new and of the late Government having seats in the Upper House were present, with scarcely an exception, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge joined the neutrals on the cross benches, the Princess of Wales being up stairs. As many members of the other House as could find room thronged the space at the bar and before the throne, as well as the corner galleries. The gorgeous hues of the golden chamber, glowing in the sunshine, were enhanced by the flush of bright color along the ladies' gallery on either side, and by contrast with the dark crowd below. Lord Derby's eloquence, and the peculiar circumstances of his third accession to office as the Chief Minister of the Crown, added to the interest with which the proclamation of the policy of a new Government was naturally received.

Lord Derby began by expressing his personal reluctance, on account of his years and health, to return to public life, and the sense of duty under which he had undertaken the task to which he was invited by the Queen. He referred to the errors by which the late Government had fallen in pledging themselves to Reform before they had time to feel the pulse of the new Parliament, by miscalculating their party strength, and in producing a hasty, crude, and fragmentary bill. Lord Derby was at some pains to explain that in his offers of office to Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Somerset, the late Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grosvenor, and others who did not belong to his own party, he had in view not a coalition, but a Government on an enlarged basis, which was a very different thing. He had felt bound to undertake the construction of a Conservative Government, lest his refusal to do so should be construed as an avowal of the dissolution of that great party. After describing the difficulty of distributing offices, of placing some forty or fifty gentlemen each in the position most accordant with his own wishes and at the same time consistent with the public interest, "of putting three times the number of candidates into one-third the number of available places," Lord Derby broadly sketched the principles of his Government on the two great questions of Foreign Policy and Parliamentary Reform. On the former subject he said:

> "My earnest desire is that the Foreign Office should contribute to the preservation of the peace of this country and of the world. I hold that it is the duty of the Government of this country, placed as this country is with respect to geographical position, to keep itself upon terms of good-will with all surrounding nations, but not to entangle itself with any single or monopolizing alliance with any one of them; above all, to endeavor not to interfere needlessly and vexatiously with the internal affairs of any foreign country, nor to volunteer to them unasked advice with regard to the conduct of their affairs, looking at them from our point of view, and not considering how different are the views and feelings of those whom we address. Above all, I hold that it is the duty of a Government to abstain from menace if they do not intend to follow that menace by action.... The policy of the Government with regard to such a war as that now raging is studiously to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality between all the contending parties, only ready at any time to offer their good offices, if there appeared the slightest gleam of hope that, combined with those of other neutral Powers, such as France and Russia, they might lead to a termination of this bloody struggle and to the restoration of peace. And I believe that influence would not be less efficaciously exercised because it was attended with no menace and by no meddlesome desire to give unasked advice, because we could have no selfish policy and no desire of reaping any advantage for ourselves, except that one inestimable advantage of staying the effusion of blood and restoring to Europe the blessings of prosperity and peace."

A friendly allusion to the United States, the expression of a hope that the federation of our American colonies might soon be accomplished, and a congratulation on the way in which Fenianism had been met were included in this part of the speech. As to Reform, Lord Derby declared himself perfectly free and unpledged. He adopted Lord Russell's rule that no Government was justified in bringing in a Reform Bill without having a reasonable prospect of carrying it, and Lord Grey's opinion that a settlement could be effected only by a mutual understanding between the two great parties in the country. He added:

> "Nothing certainly would give me greater pleasure than to see a very large increase in the number of electors, and a very considerable portion of the class now excluded admitted to the franchise. On the other hand, I am afraid that those who are most clamorous for the passing of a Reform Bill are not those who would be satisfied with any measure such as could be approved by the two great political parties of the country. I greatly fear that any measure of a moderate character which would be introduced—I do not mean to say it is an argument against introducing it—would not put a stop to the agitation which prevails, and would only be made a stepping-stone for further organic changes. As I said before, I reserve to myself the most entire liberty, and after what has passed it is not an unreasonable reservation. Of this I am quite sure, that if there is no reasonable prospect of passing a sound and satisfactory measure, it is of infinite disadvantage to the country that session after session should be lost, and that measures of useful legislation should be put a stop to by continual contests over Reform Bills which, after occupying the whole session, fail in passing, and only leave the session barren of practical results."

Lord Derby promised that attention should be given to the bankruptcy law, the poor law, and especially the treatment of the poor in work-houses, and the condition of Ireland with a view to the repeal of exceptional legislation. In conclusion, he spoke of the prospect which he hoped before long to see realized, of a new arrangement of parties which would place on the one side those who were in favor of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other side all those who, while they would not resist safe legislative progress, were determined to adhere to the Constitution and to those institutions under which the country had so long been loyal, prosperous, and happy.

THE REASON.

Lady, I see your eyes that glance my way;
  I mark your radiant beauty as you move;
I know that at a word which I might say,
    Love would be met by love.

Why is it that I leave that word unsaid?
  Why am I gravest to your brightest smiles?
And wherefore do I turn a listless head
    Deaf to your queenly wiles?

I know how many seek you, whom the spell
  Of your fair face draws all resistless on:
How your soft-syllabled "No" has oft to tell
    You are not lightly won.

I know that these you chill, and me you seek—
  Me, not more worthy: me, so stern and still;
Nor am I silent from a fear to speak,
    Or from divided will.

Nor deem it is in malice that I wait
  Until that it might please me to repay
Love with the largess of myself—so late
    From willing proud delay.

No, no. 'Twere basest treason even in thought,
  To thy high soul, that should not stoop to sue;
To thee, to whom all lowly I have sought
    To render homage due.

Lady, I have no love to give. Ere now
  'Tis given, to one with face as fair as thine:
Few years had pass'd upon her ivory brow
    When all her heart was mine.

Do I not claim her? *She is claim'd:* and I
  Am happy, though sometimes mine eyes be dim—
She whom God lent of His great charity
    Hath now return'd to Him.

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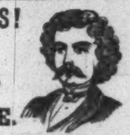

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